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AUGUST 1973 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 50¢

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

For almost 40 years the name N. O. Benson has appeared on the list of the editorial staff of Maclean's magazine. With the years more the more will be gone from the staff and the more will be gone from the offices, and for the scores of magazine people who've worked here at one time or another in the last four decades that's a remarkably nice thing to say. For "Benny" is a special man who has a special place in the magazine's internal mythology.

When he came here after graduating from the Ontario College of Art in 1937, he says he had the distinct impression that he would "probably just be a scribe." Instead, he's outlined — and had his talents channelled by — nine editors and has presided over a renaissance for the title. He's edited the Depression, the War, the Boom, the Geminis Grey and the New Notwithstanding. He's worked with eleven presidents, six

intelligences and one as Assistant Art Director, Art Director, Fiction Editor, Photo Editor and Production Editor. And he's worried about the magazine — about its visual quality and production problems, its advertising highs and lows, its editorial meanness and failures — with the kind of loving constancy that a good parent bestows on a volatile child.

He's really here, he's never been here, and so far as anybody knows he's only once lost his temper. (This happened a couple of years ago when the latest wave of Young Tories, maybe the sixth or seventh such wave that Benny has harried, advised and conspired, were sitting around an editorial planning meeting, giving voice to their ingotable dream. Having placidly suffered two hours of particularly outrageous suggestions and particularly noisy arguments, Benny got up from his chair, gulped air by his shoulders, said to a stunned silence, "I think it's time the editors of the magazine paid attention to

the single reality that you can't print 10 articles when there's only space for six" and stomped out. After 50 seconds of strangled silence, somebody said, "My God, I think Benny's mad.")

None of the ready clichés what Benny means to Maclean's. But those who know his quality will understand the response of a fellow editor when he told her he was going to retire from the magazine in August to paint. She said, "Sorry, I don't know how I'll come to work when you're not here."

Benny looked both mildly pleased and intensely concerned (a Benson look if there ever was one) and replied, "Well, I've thought about this a lot and I know it will be all right. I've been around long enough to realize that nobody's irreplaceable."

He was wrong though. N. O. Benson is irreplaceable. Not for what he does (he's already painstakingly taught that to Tom Murray, his 22-year-old successor) but for who he is. A very pretty good thing. ■

## Honest brokers always finish last

"I sense that man of complexity in all murders and crimes, present, past and future," says a prosecutor in one of Arthur Koestler's early novels "But," protests his colleague, "he has never killed a fly"

"Ah, but the flies he hasn't killed have spread a plague through the entire province"

I've always thought that cold-blooded and very European thinking reflects in a curious way what's wrong with Canada's diplomats, particularly the way they prefer to deal with their American counterparts. It's not what they do that endears most of them as inadequate defenders of Canada's national interest. It's what they don't do. As Walter Stewart points out in an article that begins on page 23, "It's sometimes hard to tell whether they are trying to grapple with the problems of American power or have become so mesmerized by the vagaries, moxie, organization and aggressiveness of the U.S. that they stress our views apologetically, if at all, in conflicts with their confusions in American diplomacy"

The intensity is firmly anchored within Ottawa's "external strategy" which holds that sweet reasonableness (being an "honest broker" and all that) is our only recourse. Eternal seekers of the middle ground, our quiet diplomats have faithfully followed Sir Harold Nicolson's dictum that the perfect representative of his country abroad "must be tolerant of the ignorance and foolishness of his home government and know how to temper the intemperance he receives. He should remember that overt diplomatic triumphs leave feelings of humiliation behind them... no good negotiator should ever threaten, bully or choke." Perhaps the ultimate expression of this attitude in the context of U.S.-Canadian relations came from the late Lester Pearson during a service club speech at Calgary on March 29, 1967: "Just as Canadian unity is based on diversity," he said on that occasion, "so our rationalism must be international"

That sweet harmony may have meant something when our main concern was to get out from under the smothering British a priori and gain legitimacy in the world's councils. But it won't work at a time when the two countries who share this subcontinent are in a race for energy resources and raw materials, with nothing less than national survival at the ultimate prize.

Most of the men and women who officially speak for Canada at Washington's highest levels of government make a fundamental error: they fail to distinguish who is part of the problem and who is part of the solution. It's perfectly natural for the Americans to stand up for their own national interest. But solving their problem isn't necessarily going to help us. On the contrary, with increasing frequency their policy initiatives will conflict with our own priorities. We must get away from the old-fashioned school of Canadian diplomacy whose disciples still think that Washington should have "a Canadian policy?" — just as they once thought that Winston ought to help run our foreign affairs — and that we can leave home to behave in order to fit, nice miss that we are, into America's plans. (U.S. diplomats in Canada don't suffer from a similar problem. They know exactly what their goals are and they pursue them with unflagging energy and effectiveness.)

I'm not suggesting that our diplomats should become importunate liars in postage suits, growing belligerent at the Americans but when we deal with the U.S., and with any other country, it should be from the strength of knowing who we are and exactly what we want to become, the strength that comes from believing in your own cause rather than trying to fit your neck into somebody else's design.

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## Merit means never saying "Je regrette"

What is merit? Never read the dictionary definition — "Quality of deserving well; excellence; worth" — what is merit is the phrase "the merit principle." After all, the merit principle is the golden rule by which our 230,000 federal public servants are run, they find positions, promotions, transfers, promotions, dismissals, as well as working conditions, power and perks according to their weight on the scale of merit.

That's the theory, but in fact there are other roads to riches on the public payroll. The claim is only one of many factors, including recommendations, interviews, special talents and such extraneous matters as whether or not you are a veteran of the Canadian forces. If merit was everything that could be measured on an exam, that notion went out the window after World War II, when "veteran's preference" was the magic words that opened all Ottawa doors. From 1945 to 1974, nearly two out of every three government civil service jobs for men went to veterans.

Finally enough, nobody complained about that violation of principle. Today, however, when there is pressure to increase the number of Francophones in the civil service, and the Public Service Commission acts as if it considers bilingual ability to be an important qualification for office, the merit system has taken on a golden sheen it somehow lacked before. John Gurney, the commission's chairman, and an ardent advocate of bilingualism, is under increasingly

limer attack for his ideals.

In the Ottawa of a few years ago, merit meant never having to say "je regrette," but today stirred too, good recommendations and a desire from Harvard or the London School of Economics are not enough to guarantee a ship a proper civil service position. Not surprisingly a great many Anglophone civil servants resent the change. There are the hard-core rednecks who gather around the water coolers to talk about "Frog power," to say racial slurs and to insist that "nobody's going to run French down my throat."

Carson, a native of British Columbia, is a psychologist and personnel expert who came to Ottawa in 1961 on the staff of the Glusac Commission. He was invited back in a special consultant to the Treasury Board and then, in 1965, appointed to his present post (so, he didn't write an exam). By that time, he had become convinced that a bilingual civil service was essential to national unity, and that he could build such a service, starting with himself. So, he enrolled in language classes, took his wife and kids to Quebec for holidays, and, finally, made himself "personally bilingual," a phrase he uses to describe those who, like himself, can speak and understand the other language, but would never be mistaken for a native.

He also set out to reject bilingualism as the travelling body of the public service, and in so doing tried many experiments, made many mistakes, raised many hurdles. There were the government language schools, at which bureaucrats talked for three weeks at a time while holding down their normal jobs. There were also the crash programs, like the one in 1971 under which 200 Francophones were hired out of universities.

Finally, there were dismissals from Carson's own lips, threatening the established order. Carson is large, gruff, friendly and, although he is 55, has a manner that can only be called youthful, but he also has a formidable touch of spitting words. In his 1971 report, he noted that "the merit principle has tended to develop a sacred cow status of its own," in Ottawa shorthand, that meant putting the old standards and keeping as close to the status quo as possible through the Anglo ranks. What's more, he hinted that he might not be able to cling to Pearson's pledge that "no one would suffer" in the civil service for lack of a second language. To the Anglos, Pearson's phrase meant they could keep their jobs forever, and when Carson tried to bring the bet, they stressed bloody murder.

Not only that, they voted, and when the dust had settled after last October's election, the Liberals had lost two vital Ottawa seats. The morning after the election, Carson sent a memo to a handful of senior executives; it said, "That is to remind you that I was not a candidate, and was not defeated, in yesterday's election." One of his aides scribbled a reply: "Oh, yeah!"

Six weeks after the vote, C. M. Derry, President of the Treasury Board, which had quietly taken over the responsibility for hiring/firing the bureaucrats, announced that the plan to produce a two-language civil service would be delayed by three years, and the report date moved back from 1977 to 1984. What's more, there would be a "grandfather" clause to protect the jobs of bureaucrats who had 10 years of service when Pearson gave his 1966 pledge.

Carson refuses to acknowledge the Derry statement in a remark, but it is, and the long war not much eased by the subsequent introduction of a House of Commons resolution which endorses the principle of bilingualism, but is soft on the spectrum of timetable and goals. That motion, in any case, is purely an extension of Carmon's agenda, not a plan for action, it is a pious word on which to lean the weight of Canadian unity.

It has taken a century to make French Canadians hope to find in it their last role in their government, to attract new ones to stop going forward, threatens tragedy for Francophones. A tragedy not only for them, but all Canadians.

### THE NATION / FRID RONE

## Farley Mowat and other Newfie jokes

To hear Farley Mowat and Harold Horwood tell it, Newfoundland was, until recently, a haven of contentment in a world of confusion, strivings, nervous postures and jungle warfare. And their typical Newfoundland wit is recently was birdworking, independent, self-sufficient and blissfully serviced with his existence.

Big Brother Smallwood and his cohorts, according to the Mowat-Horwood view, frightened calm and stock (government) restlessness grants backed by threatened withdrawal of public servants to bulldoze thousands

continued on page 11

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"...the concern that Canadian National has in protecting and saving their lives as well as the lives of other persons. And I think this is coming across to the students."

Tony Cornford, CN Special Agent.

His name is Tony Cornford. He's a cop. And he made this statement while we were filming a TV commercial in a Montreal school.

The Canadian National police department performs a variety of duties, but their main responsibility is to protect CN property and the millions of dollars worth of express and freight entrusted to the company by our customers. This is a full time job, coast to coast.

But we're conscious of other problems. For example, a railway has always been a fascinating place. Especially for children.

They love to look at trains. And unfortunately, kids being kids, they also love to hitch rides on them. Throw rocks at them. Try to race a train across a railway bridge. Sometimes even shoot rifles at them.

Tony Cornford has seen it all happen. He's attended to the maimed child who fell

under the wheels of a freight car, and then he's driven away to tell the parents. Perhaps this started him on his second career.

A former school teacher, Cornford is now a CN Special Agent. His duties take him on a tour of Montreal schools where he entertains and instructs classes of children from Grade 1 up to teenagers. Cornford shows films, demonstrates the dangers of percussion caps and fuses, explains the meaning of signals. And his safety lessons range beyond railway matters. He touches on everything from bicycle and snowmobile conduct to everyday good manners.

Everywhere he goes, Tony Cornford leaves 'em cheering. The children have learned something. And one of the things they've learned is that Canadian National cares whether they live or die.

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"This guy Eberly said it is pure hell on earth."

of reluctant Newfoundlanders into moving to the towns, where they now pine and fret in ghettos, divorced of their traditional occupations, cut off from all that is familiar and a comfort to them, and forced into unemployment, living in fish packing plants or subsisting on the meagre government dole.

All of which is hell on earth. It is as far removed from the truth as the viciously smothered put-downs of the so-called "Newfie jokes" and as cynically misleading as the 1970s photograph, printed in some Canadian newspapers, of children in the town of Badger, grubbing at refuse cans, apparently driven by pigs of hunger (The editors did not explain the children were after corn cobs that had fallen the garbage cans with).

Of course it isn't all Newfoundland. Not the fault of opportunistic photographers. We Newfoundlanders have ourselves contributed to the stereotype image that other Canadians have of us as a culturally stagnant, semi-savagely backward. And we've been able to laugh off those Newfie jokes, knowing that the same tales have been told in the last 50 years of Irish, Jew, Italian, Pole and Negro. But to many, uneducated, Canadian the Newfie stereotype has viciously been applied with reality, and our contempt of such distortion and fiction is waning not because we are threatened persons or provincial but because we stand up to the fact of Canada but being let down by putting us down. For example, the exaggerations, misconceptions and fictions that have been circulated about education of small communities just don't stand up to examination. A typical community was a place called Tick's Beach.

Senator Fred Rose (ex former minister and Deputy Premier of Newfoundland) To examine — opportunity — what happened in Tick's Beach is to comprehend an enormous misrepresentation. Tick's Beach, with 76 resident families living on an island in Placentia Bay, was one of the larger communities involved in our resettlement program. Manual jobs were available, the island community itself was stagnant. The community already could never hope to support adequate medical and educational services. Nearly 65 of the 76 families petitioned the provincial assembly for aid in moving to other, larger towns, notably Arnold's Cove and which several industrial projects were about to start. Since no facilities had been proposed at Arnold's Cove, the government delayed and the Tick's Beach families became indignant. Many percent of the people requested immediate aid. But still there were a few who didn't want to move. But since the government delayed again, and it became a political football. There were charges of coercion and intimidation. Ultimately all 76 families accepted aid and were thus enabled to move out of Tick's Beach.

Cries changed they were forced to go by threats of withdrawal of services, but what services? No amount of money could induce qualified teachers and nurses, not to mention doctors, to stay in isolated villages.

In the northern part of Newfoundland there were similar problems. It took a doctor and a nurse three weeks to reach a man suffering from a terminal illness at Conny Cove in White Bay and a 12-year-old boy with a compound fracture of his arm on the Harve Islands, 12 miles out in the Atlantic, waited seven more days for a helicopter. But to build an all-weather highway to Conny Cove would have cost \$200,000 and no province can spend that kind of money on five or six families.

Harvey said all of this, what is a valid image of Newfoundland and its people? There can't be a final verdict but the situation is subjective; it will vary from person to person. Physically, the quality and variety of Newfoundlanders are second to none in Canada and perhaps the world. Our climate isn't tropical but there are summers where the weather is ideal, and our customs are moderate and pleasant. Our folk songs are among the world's finest, and our place-names are truly fascinating.

Our people, if not so many and credulous as sometimes painted, are basically friendly and decent, with nothing cheap or vulgar in their essential dignity. While we do have our politicians, idlers, cynics and del-

lusions arising from our isolation, we are essentially no different from the ordinary, hardworking decent Canadians, whether he is found in Kensington Falls or Saskatoon. So much for our traditional stereotypes — people like Percy Mowbray and Harold Heywood — who should know better.

Parade

### PARADE

Washington pranksters, when they're not regaling each other with the latest Watergate joke, are telling the story about how the CIA was stuck with the huge bill of maintaining United Nations peacekeeping forces in the Middle East. It was a story to which he'd grown accustomed. But now, after close to 20 years, Posen has returned to Argentina, back to full control. The moment? Well, it's early, at least for the time being. But since the CIA is calling about for a new occupant, and since the ground is reportedly holding under South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, the question left to the CIA is whether there can be a change in Posen.

IDEAS / GEORGE JONAS

## Maggie is a thing apart

Again and again Margaret Atwood told us that we didn't have to take the bad with the good. The goodness and the beauty in this book," she said in her preface to the book. "Survival" were for the most part contributed by others; the sloppy generalizations are my own." Addressing the English Club in Toronto recently, she called her book a "rather modest literary endeavor." Published 10 years ago, no one would have noticed it.

But as it happened Survival was published in 1972 and everybody agreed it. Newfoundlanders greeted its appearance with joy. *Guide* and *Moose* critic William French called it the best book of the year. Others who like to know the young and the old — even to know better adults, several students. The book's success is such as to put Margaret Atwood in the Windsor Star. In Toronto novelist Morley Callaghan permitted himself a few words of praise. Margaret Atwood herself appeared pleasantly amazed. "I have continued on page 14

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Are we all rhinos trying to connect?

become a Thing," she told her audience at the Toronto Club.

What actually happened was that Margaret Atwood, 53, poet, novelist, winner of the Governor General's Award for poetry in 1966, in editor of the small Canadian publishing house Arsenal, decided to write a thematic guide to Canadian literature. She advised the chosen that writers, especially nonchans, are somewhat influenced by the country and cultural environment in which they work, and that their works in turn tend to reflect the influence. We all accept the proposition that certain works of art are Very English or Very Russian. The Canadians of Canadian art according to Ms. Atwood, consists of Victims being concerned with Survival. Our enemies may be nature or colonialism, but we are all victims trying to survive. This is the key pattern.

So far, so good. It may not be true, but surely this has never been a more common literary conceit. Irving Layton has recently advanced the theory that all poets in Canada can be moved or less put into one of the following four groups: the Englishs, the desperados of outer Northrop Frye, the Indians and the Jews. As far as can be deduced by the casual reader, he has been quite correct. (Why not? I would have long held that there are five groups of Canadian writers: the Talk, the Short, the Corporate, the Lenin and the Ones with Cuckoo! I am quite serious too.) According to *Canadian Literature* (Atwood's pat literary theoretical), all particular literary writers could be classified as either "Canadian" or "critical realist," establishing a stronger bond between Deleuze and Dostoevsky than either would have presumably hoped for. Why should Margaret Atwood's theory suck such life and joy?

Survival is in tune with the times. This is hardly a discovery indeed.

Groups *Jesus* is a poet and author of *The Happy Hungry Men*.

Ms. Atwood goes to some lengths to point it out herself. Every nation has a theory of its own literature: some of the biggest nations have several. (These nations also have many weapons and advanced systems of nuclear striking power.) The times say that if there are Americans, French, Russians, and for all we know Danes, Armenians and Czechs theories of national literature, there ought to be a Canadian theory as well. Now, thanks to Survival, we have one.

The first group, then, that graced the appearance of the book with crass or aquatic joy were those for whom "Canadian" is a term of value judgement rather than designation. They were clearly defined by those who can recognize a badwagon when they see one, and though they may require much ministrations in literature, need none in the trends and fashions of the day. Survival was clearly the book of the season, and they could be trusted to cherish whatever was in. This group noted that, apart from literary theories, Ms. Atwood seemed to be talking about many other things, from colonialism to Women's Lib, and even raised the odd word of le jargon — such as "overview" — to slip into her otherwise firm and muscular prose. They concluded that she talked their language and was therefore both Safe and Good.

The next group much taken with Survival were those who sensibly found merit in its argument. As it often is the case, this group turned out to be the least important for the notoriety of the book. In a mail and admittedly unscientific survey I talked to 50 people about Survival. Some admired the book, others hated it. Atwood, the author of the 10 best read in Canada, was, incidentally, among the admirers.

Those who hated the book seemed to fall in two categories: the ones who are simply Out of It (as opposed to With It) and the ones who, on reflection, found it badly wanting. These people noted that Ms. Atwood's approach seemed dogmatic and artificial, full of unfavorable opinions even for a frankly subjective study. These critics saw dark and dismal metaphors and it was hindered by the term Indians and dead bodies of those Canadian writers who couldn't fit Ms. Atwood's Protestant bias. They called the most conspicuous victim of Survival Robert Davin, whose name had not even appear in a work concerning it. Survival is in tune with the times. This is hardly a discovery indeed.

by the skin of his teeth.)

Immensely, cry the students. Margaret Atwood is concerned with her particular patterns and naturally writes about those who fit it, omitting those who do not. She does not suggest that they ought, for that reason, to be omitted from the existing body of Canadian literature. "Please do not take any of my oversimplifications, etc.," she says. (For my part I can promise that easily.)

The provincial reader will now ask me to express an Opinion, not so much about the book as the controversy. Opinions have to do with Values withholding the Test of Time. Now as Somerset Maugham pointed out (not a favourable name, these days), posterity is suddenly unfair as that it jealously attends its grace to those who were already appreciated in their lifetime. It may not be enough to be known, but it is useful because the unknown seldom survives. And if survival is what it's all about, for a victim to become a Thing may be a step in the right direction.

SPORTS / ROY MCGREGOR

## You have to hate to love lacrosse

A dozen years ago I played minor lacrosse in Blainville, a tiny Quebec town, and we'd usually practice the morning before a big game. Atwood, the coach would stand at center floor and the players would form a circle around him, spoken to make a big deal. What! This roasting technique was the pride of the town. "This is it, what we've been working toward all season. Tonight you was and you was big. The town expects it. I expect it. I don't want you just to beat the other team. I want you to out them. And after you've chased them up a bit, get them back to the hole they came out of. They'll learn not to tempt with the town!"

Lacrosse always has been some against some, not team against team. The sport is an expression of racial envy and indignation. The competitiveness, the cockiness of winning and the shame of losing are perfectly matched to the racial culture, the never-back-down way of looking at life in a small community you never really grow out of the schoolyard. The magnitude of rivalry and shame is entirely

continued on page 16

# "Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso."



A bull rhino was an animal that should wear a Do Not Disturb sign. But we were out to bother him for his own good. By using and releasing him in the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, the time, and I discovered, was like playing tag with war with a tank.



When our rhinoceros came charging out of the bush, he caught us with our ropes closed. But three lions and twenty (many) reserves later, he was really fit to be tied.



And what a temper tantrum! It was time for Rhinos to give him his translocator. Our beast was soon a bleeding beauty. All the same, we put him in the truck pretty very gently.



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"Come down up to look up from below."

dependent on the number of people who might recognize you the next morning on the street.

Success in lacrosse is not so much a test of talent as of toughness. It's a hard-drinker's game. A road trip to another town usually meant a solid case of 24 opened from the bottom to make sure guys only saw a closed top. It's a Mafia's sport. When you get away with Quebec starts there, really.

Right now, just as they were five years ago and 40 years before that, the lacrosse promises are falling about a state-wide professional league. This time they are a grilling under the visible five years. They fail the NHL expansion, coupled with the formation of the World Hockey Association, has spread hockey, and that people want a compact sport (linked to a few regular-season lacrosse).

I think they're looking at a mirage. Lacrosse is fine for small areas, but it's like pornography: what you can't get enough of, you never want to see it. And the big cities will never find enough freedom to fill even a medium-sized area.

Take the three cities that are essential for national success. Last year, the Metro Toronto Lacrosse Association league folded, apparently due to management problems. This summer the summer team is playing mostly in empty stands. There haven't been any major lacrosse in Montreal since 1969, the year after the last failed pro attempt. In Vancouver last year, they moved operations from the Kerrisdale Arena, in the upper-middle-class area, to the False, down in the working-class, bayside, and attendance

pumped, though only slightly. It seems people with much money to spend are using it to relax with no conditions or get out of the city entirely rather than watch a really serious. "Our greatest competition isn't from baseball and football," says Dave Fyfe, national director of the Canadian Lacrosse Association. "It's from leisure sports and summer cottages."

There are more renowned players (201,183) playing now than at any time in the past, but the field hardly compares with hockey. "Lacrosse is a sport where you can't hide the less-talented player, like you can in hockey," says Marley Kelly, a driving force behind the 1968 pro league. The poor player will become quickly less visible. And an early quarter season makes a solid fan.

Lacrosse youngsters need superstars like Bobby Orr to dream about, and there are very few players with superstar abilities and superior talents. In the current season league there is Paul Parrell and the Thompson brothers, Brian and Ivan, in the West; the Maurinians has young Wynne Pash; and Ontario has John Davis and Cy Conners. There are others with superstar ability, but as Bill McKinnis, Nova Scotia vice-president of the C.L.A., says "We're frankly embarrassed by some of our players."

Becoming a successful professional league is no mean feat. The game is less than the game can make it so because TV has the money, it gives us our fun. Both are needed. But lacrosse is too far for TV. Without officials, the ball can go to end and twice before the referee can catch it. And the Indian rubber ball is really unpredictable. A hockey stick's motion is a smooth, ball control a event; the hidden ball, a infernal twist, from the opponent and through the center.

CHCH, the independent TV station in Hamilton, delivers weekly telecasts of the Toronto games. At telecasts, the commentators don't find anything to watch the game under way, so they invite a hockey player to come down — someone like goaltender Doug Pash (who can score Philadelphia Flyers) shoots next season better than he can remember about his lacrosse days. They talk about hockey because there's nothing to say about the ethos of lacrosse.

Which is why lacrosse will remain a small-town game. Its actual total viewers more than a game, a lot more than most other spectator sports. The big cities want to play games, lacrosse defends the honor of a town. Big news, it occurs, have lost the passion for such persons.

## READING LIST

Back-number lists tell you what everyone's reading today. The successful publisher knows what they'll be reading tomorrow, and here's what some of the major Canadian publishers are hoping for for the fall season. *19th Century*, by Richard Holmes (Clarke, Irwin); *Quarterbacking*, by Joe Theisman (Clarke-Irwin); *Buttle For A Centimeter*, by Gordon Donaldson (Donaldson); *Crusade, Ltd.*, by Mark Orlov (Gordon Donaldson); *Memories*, by Marjorie Engel (Assault); *British Columbia*, by Charles de Volpi (Longman); *I Ching Canada*, by Joy Smallwood (Macmillan); *Drifting Home*, by Peter Burns (McClelland and Stewart); *The Bookman*, by Gordon Fleuret (McGraw-Hill/Ryan); *Orville and Co.*, by Walter Stewart (New Press); *Harold Meekins' Holiday Rules*, by Hilda Meekins (Preston-Hall); *P.F.G.*, by Douglas Springman (Owen); *Giants*, by David Smith (Harcourt Publishers); *Songs My Mother Taught Me*, by Audrey Thomas (Clarke-Irwin, Vancouver).

## LIFESTYLES

### Waiter, don't give me any LIP

The four girls are on a LIP grant. You'll have to take our word for that because we aren't saying who they are, it would embarrass our informants who say they are daughters of close friends. But when they arrived at Le Provençal, one of Toronto's police restaurants he was entertaining a business friend at the time they were shown to one of the best tables, obviously reserved for them. They were the daughters of the law. We learn and better tops. They spread with a couple of rounds of drinks and then proceeded to order the most menu, from the top down; hors d'œuvre, shrimp cocktail, fish, meat — a gourmet's dream-come-true. The hour lunch topped off with Saksby's dessert and coffee (with liquor, of course). Naturally such crime was complemented by an appropriate wine. While with the fish. And with the meat. Dessert was Desserat's wine. All except the old wine that came with the entire. And one they said back "Too sweet," they told the waiter. He took it back, too.

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## Talking frontier blues

I thoroughly reject Maclean's concept of British Columbia as remote province. It is no more a frontier community than your own, its population being concentrated in Vancouver and Victoria, two extremely sophisticated cities. As for the interior, it's a great place for a holiday! Before you, fellows, you didn't suck to the national

STEVEN BARLEY, SOURCE, BC

I returned from Europe yesterday to find the *June Maclean's* awaiting me. I think this issue on British Columbia is one of the best you have produced, and it gives me to hope that you will persist in your plan to create other issues around specific regions and — one hopes — specifically Canadian problems.

I found George Bowering's article, *The Art Of The Wolfpack*, amusing, lively, informative but, with due respect — and I suspect George (correctly) as a poet and a person it seemed to me a very partial and partial view of the poetry scene in British Columbia. I looked in vain for the names of any of the poets who are making the real contribution from BC — with the exception of Bowering himself and John Newhouse, who has departed. To make no mention of the three best practicing BC poets — Phyllis Webb, Dorothy Livesay and P. K. Page — is extraordinary, even more extraordinary is to fail completely to mention such vital younger poets as Tim Waplington, Susan McGee, Andrea Schneider and the considerable list of poets of interest and originality published in recent years by Talonbooks and Stone Nix.

I would also dispute two other of Bowering's statements. It is quite untrue that "In 1963 Canadian (i.e., Toronto-Montreal-Pedestrian) poetry was unknown in Vancouver."

Everyone interested in poetry here was reading *Revue*, *Lynx*, *Seamus*, *Dublin*, etc. And Vancouver-Victoria had their long been a centre of Canadian poetry. When I arrived in 1949, Alan Cooney's *Contemporary Verse*, published in Victoria, was the only Canadian poetry magazine of any significance. *Revue*, *Lynx*, *Seamus* and many younger poets were active here at that time and in touch with counterparts here. And not long afterwards Phyllis Webb began to publish

and to be recognized across Canada. British Columbia poetry is in fact far richer, far more varied, far more committed in its relation to both voice and print than George has suggested. I would suggest that to know what poetry is in British Columbia, your readers must still buy or borrow their volumes of Webb and Wayman, of Livesay and Macgregor and, once better, *Farley Mowat*.

GEORGE WOODCOCK, VANCOUVER

Despite all the British Columbia bull-bull in your June issue, you have moved forward, BC, some 250 miles and put it into Alberta. The western shows separate Duke Zanetti's enjoyable article *Looking Into Vancouver*, BC is actually Mount Edith Cavell, near Jasper, Alta. Your picture editor must be a member of the British Columbia.

W. R. HILL, CALGARY LIFE MEMBER OF ALBERTA CLUB OF CANADA

The arts of National Issue welcome *The People's Revolution* by Allen Carr and Bob Waller (June). Economy is perhaps a way of life, but it should not be ignored in a contemporary way of giving First Nations (president of Puget and Paper Workers of Canada) an opportunity to critique the leadership of the BC Federation of Labor. Mullen represents about 4,000 BC workers compared to the federation's 250,000 members. Why Carr and Waller give an individual with a loose lip pre-dominance over the BC Federation of Labor's 23-year battle over the sub-labor union of the Bennett regime is beyond me. How can Carr and Waller allow themselves to quote Mullen in one breath saying the federation never did a damn thing and in the next breath that over two million men days were lost in 1972 through strike and lockout? Who did they think was involved in these disputes? Mullen's PPWC? Perhaps a small minority.

GORDON WILKINSON, BURNABY, BC

## The tundra has a pulse

I have lived for five years in the Barren Lands, and lived every time to inspect to obtain their beauty and fascination. *Farley Mowat* — *Tundra* (May) has done it for me.

We in the Kivallik district are now faced with new threats of increased mineral exploration and proposed pipelines. I fully support *Farley Mowat's* plea to consider the ultimate value of the North before it is too late to save it.

This people have not deserted their land. True, they no longer depend on

it for every need, but there is still a strong dependency on its bounty for food and winter clothing, and on its limitless space for recreation of mind and soul. In this statement of 700, over half the men are full-time hunters and trappers. Those that aren't see every opportunity to go out on the land. The land, none in Kivallik, is not just a word to people here, it is a living, breathing, necessary extension of man.

LORNA LOFT, KINROSS POINT, NWY

## Peace pipe, war drums

Your edition, *Learning From The Indian*, *January*, *Summer* and *A State Of Grace* by Peter C. Newman (May), greatly intrigued me, and I thoroughly digested the contents. The opinions expressed therein were significant and to the point. Marie Campbell's *Lesson Of Dylus* brought back bitter memories of indignities that I, too, was forced to endure. The tale was straightforward and impressive. Sharon Anshel's *The Acts Of Wrath* brought back memories when I labored 12 hours a day for five cents an hour.

The plight of the reservation Indians and Métis has recently been brought with renewed force to the public's attention. I'm glad, because I'm 88 years old and I survived it. The words were spoken against me, but I went ahead and won a niche in the grand profession of civil engineering. I'm proud of that achievement, and I'm happy that Maclean's has acknowledged the terrible odds that still need to be overcome.

WILLIAM BRADY, JR., AMHERSTON, BC

While you're weeping for the Indians, don't a few tears for anyone who tries to do business with them, or someone who has to rely on such as a crew for a small survival or logging venture when 50% of the time they don't show up for work. Or if they show up, a contract with them when every five days they want to change it. Indians don't want a majority group, and I fail to see what all the fuss is about.

FRYSLER HARRISON, AMHERSTON, BC

Your May series on Canada's Indians was a worthy need, if painful, selection of writing. The articles reminded me of an incident a few years ago when I was leaving the St. Maline-Beaver site with a member

of the provincial department of education (who happened to be an Indian). A group of school children ran by, pursued by a harrassed teacher admonishing, "Don't behave like a pack of wild Indians!" I was embarrassed for my companion and for myself. The reason is that experi-

continued on page 20



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT. CANADA M5W 1A7

one had never occurred to me before, though it's heard daily.

LEONIE SACHS, TORONTO

## The jury is still out

Michael Bliss's attack on Rick Salutin's *Four Views* (June) illustrates the paranoia and suspect professionalism that dominates the teaching and writing of Canadian history.

Anyone who is familiar with the state of Canadian history knows that the sorry state of the discipline can be gleaned from this one fact: there has been no major reexamination of English Canadian history in the last 25 years. Creighton aside, Canadian historians have specialized in two types of historical writing which have, on the one hand, reinforced the belief that there are no outstanding issues and, on

the other, have systematically obscured the real issues in Canadian history such as Canadian independence and foreign domination. Bliss is growing at views as citing the publications efforts of the U of T Press in spotlighting some historical classics to mark the viges of their centenary. Those works were written anywhere from 40 to 80 years ago! Hardly proof of rigor!

It is not thanks to the professional historians that Canadian history is being reassessed and rediscovered. Those doing the work by-and-large come from outside the small clique who control the profession. In the last 15 years some of the most interesting, provocative, original and serious contributions have come from the "amateur historians" of whom Bliss speaks so disparagingly.

It really is we who are indebted to those

coming from outside the profession for nudging Canadian history from near oblivion and for developing a new informed consciousness at this critical time.

DANIEL GRADICH, DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, ATINUM COLLEGE, YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO

Michael Bliss's appropriately critical response in *Four Views* (June) to Rick Salutin's article, *The Great Canadian History Debates* (April), contains at least two errors and one wrong impression. First, I am a Canadian citizen, not an American, a mistake of no small consequence. Why he found it necessary to refer to my citizenship at all is puzzling. Second, as well as being a staff member of OISE, I am a member of the graduate faculty of History at the

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If you are looking good on paper

University of Toronto, which makes an "outlet" Canadian historian under 35," not free.

As well, Bliss's preoccupation with bilingualism in Toronto lends him to slight work in progress elsewhere in the country. His "hardly anyone" ignores, among others, David Goggin's study of family and society in 19th-century Peel County. There is also the sophisticated demographic work that is being done in Quebec by Jacques Lévesque, Yolande Lévesque and Robert Chastagnier. I think also of the work on Montreal in the 19th century recently begun by Paul-André Lefebvre and Jean-Paul Bernard.

These and other studies, furthermore, follows what might be called an "American model," as one concerned with modern trends in social history should know. (There is, after all, nothing inherently American about counting!) The concern of these studies are the work of the French historical demographers, of British historians as well as Americans. In fact the British and French generally preceded the Americans in this field.

In short, Bliss unfortunately appears to be somewhat guilty of the same lack of homework of which he quite rightly accuses Rick Salutin.

MICHAEL R. BAYL, PROFESSOR, OISE, AND DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## Laying duck feathers

"Tara's mother does a long, handsome, straight, sleek, long down a bed." I read it in *Maclean's* — *Making It Big By Being Truly Awful* by John Halden (June) Canadian film — Canadian film director and writer — Canadian problem?

A hen lays eggs! The prospect of watching Tara's mother as the legs down, cooing her Sals!

R. K. HENRY, WEST VANCOUVER

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## Our Washington game plan

BY WALTER STEWART

Are Canada's diplomats in Washington the sort of men who make America great?

Since we are in the middle of what may be the most crucial period ever for Canada-U.S. relations, it would be surprising to believe that the diplomats we pay to stand on guard for us in trade talks, energy confrontations and other aspects of the agonizing tug-of-war are intelligent, highly motivated, strongly conservative men who have the American man on the back of their mind, but it would be dead wrong. In fact, it's sometimes hard to work out whether our External Affairs people are working for us or them, whether they are conscientiously trying to grapple with the problems of American power, or have become so mesmerized by the capitalist machine, repression and aggression of the Americans that they pass Canada's views apologetically, if at all, in conflicts with their counterparts in American diplomacy.

One small illustration. Over lunch in a Washington restaurant last spring, I reread a Canadian diplomat about the way Ottawa had been caught flat-footed by President Richard Nixon's elegant and carefully rehearsed policies on August 15, 1970. *What the embassy hasn't done, I wondered?* No, no, no, said the diplomat. "When the files are finally made public, people will see that we kept warning the government that this man [i.e. Nixon] was a much tougher specimen than they thought, that he was about to do something drastic." So far, so good. But, in later conversation, this same diplomat spoke at length (not, as far as he was concerned, Nixon had been quite right to impose a temporary embargo on imports, and the reversibility of gold, and demand trade concessions to right the U.S. balance of payments. Which means, he knew very well of the Treasury, John Caswell was right — although perhaps too forceful — to attack us for complaining about this consider treatment. And so, I guess, when the files are finally made public they will show that our embassy in Washington floundered a warning that went something like this: we are about to be raped, swagged and pushed, but don't worry, we deserve it.

Another illustration, not so small, and more disturbing. I put a series of questions to one of the senior bureaucrats in Ottawa, a man charged with developing policy decisions for the top actions of External Affairs and for putting on accepted policy to the Canadian embassy in Washington. His replies were, at times, American replies, but put into a framework so American diplomatic would dare. Simpler.

Should we share energy resources with the U.S.?

Answer: "Everybody knows that Canada has so much oil, and so much coal and the rest is available for export to the U.S. Where's the problem?"

Was Canada wrong to subsidize Medela-Turn exports to the U.S.?

Answer: "Canada was wrong, and Canada was told it was wrong from the beginning."

Were the negotiations related to the auto pact transaction, as the U.S. claims, or permanent, as Canada contends?

Answer: "They were transactional, and everybody knows they were."

In short, at least some of the experts we rely on to defend our interests are doing an excellent job — for the Americans. On the other hand, the U.S. representatives in Ottawa display so much embarrassment. While they are not pushy — in areas of their predicaments have been — they are very clear about why they have been sent to Canada, namely, to advance U.S. interests and defend U.S. policy, precisely, if possible, and rudely if rudeness is necessary to the circumstances.

This gloomy comparison is the result of several weeks spent examining the two most vital missions in the world from Canada's point of view — the American embassy in Ottawa, and the Canadian embassy in Washington. What emerges from this study is a firm conviction that we do an inferior job in an area where we cannot afford to be inferior.

The chancery (proper name for an embassy building) of the United States of America in Ottawa is a handsome, two-story Georgian structure which peers out across Wellington Street from the foot of Parliament Hill. It was built for its present function in 1912, cost \$200,000 and bore heavily, for decoration, on American motifs and North Carolina knotty pine paneling. This building also has the Ambassador, Adolph Schmidt, the Minister Marc Johnson, the political and economic counselors, and most of the administrative staff of the embassy. This is where American cars to receive a passport or use the library, to seek government aid on a business deal or turn in a report to one of the two (at least) officials charged with CIA liaison. Other branches can be traced to other buildings — the Defense and Treasury attachés on George Street, the U.S. Information Service in the National Press Building, further down Wellington. (Continued on page 39)



# Everything's coming up Moses

BY VAL CLERY

How to succeed in the television business with Moses Zisserman really trying

You probably thought television had killed Moses Zisserman — if you've thought about him at all in the past five years. It hasn't, though, it has merely demoted him, which is the corporate name of the television industry isn't the same thing at all. He is even now struggling deep within the bowels of the over-crowded and a constant to be seen whether he will ultimately be dignified and decorated or whether he will emerge, insouciant and dead, as the man who whipped the giant networks in their own backyard.

Moses Zisserman, for three metres gone back in the late Sixties, has almost imperceptibly youthful boy wonderism now of the CBC, is today the boss of Toronto's CITY-TV, the channel that brings him money to that city's Friday night in sometimes, the channel that everyone is looking for and almost no one watches.

Toronto viewers, beset by a welter of Canadian and American channels, are known as a tough television audience. But the omnipotence of "Show TV" and "The Movie Channel" — both pre-empted advertising slogans and in CITY promotions — can be the stuff of success, can't it?

Well, perhaps not just yet. The March survey by A. C. Nielsen quoted in the *Globe and Mail* showed CITY's Movie Channel down from 3% to 2% of those tuned in the CITY channels that it remained at 3% in March) and in the prime time hours — 8 to 10 p.m. — there weren't enough viewers to get a rating. And yet, with production facilities and budget resources that are hopelessly mismatched by normal standards, the station produces with incredible frequency 40% more of original programs a week.

At the core of CITY's quiet desperation, Moses sits, as slender elegant as ever, perhaps a little more quietly philosophical. He still performs, as when he told a businessman in a lunch room about a month after the station opened: "We have three problems. We have technology. We have poverty. We have incompetence. And we have fear." But in his office he speaks with a mixture of humility and bravado.

"I'm guided by two things," he told me one day. "One is a saying from a book of Indian wisdom called *The Sayings Of The Fishes*. It goes roughly: 'There are two actions of merit: the making of something and the finding of something. Of the two, the finding is the greater.' And I'm also very conscious of the history of revolutions so I'm determined not to see either the status or myself become what is often happily and smotheringly accepted as noble failure. And I'm going to do my damndest to reverse the transition period that distinguishes Old Queens from New Queens. From the type of person who starts going, I'm going to try to be back kinds of person

I've never done this astrology stuff, but somebody said my horoscope for the year said I was a kind of Leo-Virgo combination. Leo is I understand, a one leadership-oriented, flashy, dynamic people. Virgos are hard-working, systematic, one might even say dull. Until this job is finished I'm going to try to play on the Virgo in me."

No one could doubt his capacity for hard work, but a dull Moses Zisserman? It seems unlikely.

The building at 99 Queen Street East is downtown Toronto, close to every surplus shop, pawnshop and just a few blocks south of the downtown, was long ago a candy factory and more recently a local replet of New York's Electric Circus. Its capital rock rock and swirling stage lights faded to electricity for city's young set and were switched off. Now the building, an obdurate brick facade noted in very blink point, has become the home of Canada's first commercial station to use the slogan UHF, overhauled for local programming in a bid for local advertising. It has been adapted already as a greenhouse for UHF stations in half a dozen cities and some of those may well succeed. But none will have been launched with the same fire that same engaging importance as CITY-TV. Because they will not have been launched by Moses Zisserman, the man you may have forgotten.

When he caught the attention of CBC viewers back in the Sixties, he became, in his own words, "a sort of national entertainment idol" but few will remember the cool he had added to the elegance of Adrienne Clarkson, or the way women of Paul Simon on the daytime *Talk 30* program, or the unconscious he regressed into the Sunday night monogamy of *The Mary 2's*. Even fewer will recall just why he left the CBC in 1969, or what has happened to him since. He won't find, you know, he resigned, the CBC surely fires anybody. And he made little fun when he went.

Those who are aware of the recognition of remarkable changes that have punctuated a life only about decades long, and a career spanning less than one of them, one almost take seriously Zisserman's wounding joke that he, like Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, has a portrait of himself created in his attic that truly reflects the physical effects of such anxiety. But it's difficult to see any change in his appearance. The hair is still dark and curly, though now it must be combed forward to deny a receding hairline. Eyes still direct and quick under quantum systems. Jaw as lean a wedge as ever, below the high cheekbones. Head as less erect and caddy about a turn figure.

In most people, a physical self-assessment must be to be a shield for some inner security. In Moses it seems to be the barely adequate embodiment of an even greater assurance within. As his former television colleague, Patrick Watson, puts it: "One of the fascinating things about Moses is the way he easily picks up and manipulates the needs of his life. He has a miraculously slow-speed picture of himself, accompanied by great confidence — not the compulsive confidence of a Stanley Glick, but a tranquil, deep-seated confidence."

The only thing harder to survive than failure is success. In the course of his many successes — so many so gracefully expressed as so short a time — there have always been a few lessons on the sidelines, and many enemies, waiting for the inevitable payoff. He has never obliged, even managing to transcend his one major setback, his rupture with the CBC, and transform it into a further, stylish and profitable advance.

But now, having taken on at CITY-TV what is certainly the narrowest and most complex gamble of his career, he has the concerned and the nervous watching again. And for the first time he admits to wondering a little himself how he'll make out.

The visible icon of this latest stage in his career happened on September 28 last year in Toronto, the day that CITY-TV went live on the air. It happened in his second-floor office, a small office by normal insurance standards, but used to provide an overview of the main studio floor. / continued on page 44



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ADAMS



It's a long way to Mount Royal. Treasurer Norman LeBlanc relaxes with his family outside their vacation home in San Jose, Costa Rica. Four years ago, he was a Montreal accountant, and today he heads a multi-national financial empire.



Bernie Cornfeld, the deposed head of IOS Ltd., cosplays himself in a French villa with some of the \$5.5 million his company shares yielded.



This hotel in Nassau is part of the LeBlanc group holdings. So is an intention to face a fresh suit.



Norman LeBlanc joined the jet set to the limit. This is one of the four jets he uses for commuting.

# The sweet smell of Norman LeBlanc

BY ROBERT A. HUTCHISON

How the IOS scandal moved to Montreal, shifted to the Bahamas and Costa Rica and ended up in Washington with Watergate

Norman LeBlanc was indignant. "Canada should do away with this type of non-sensical operation," he said, and the judge face fairly judged with rage above the mildly cut light-weight suit. He brushed forward over his desk in a Nassau bank building, the corporate owner of a \$500-million network of holding companies, banks and investment funds. "The Canadian government has no business registering companies it cannot regulate," he went on, "no business at all." The upper lip trembled with moral fervor, the ever-glowing cigarette described penetrating circles in the air, and Montreal's own Norman LeBlanc, sometime accountant, newly married millionaire and self-proclaimed financial wizard, arrived his objection to the staying place.

"It's completely ludicrous," he said, "that IOS was allowed to sit offshore, footloose and fancy free and operate around the world under the shield of a Canadian company. I believe that companies should be required to operate in territories where they are incorporated."



IOS shares carry a declaration that the company comes under Canadian law, but our authorities were shy to act.

and that control over these companies (in fact, not long after I asked to LeBlanc, an arrest warrant was issued in Montreal, naming him in criminal charges for the misappropriation of funds). And the present point of his argument was not only that he was dead right but that the company he was running, IOS Ltd., was one with which he and Vasso were intimately associated. What's more, the string of companies that rose from the ransacked rubble of IOS are totally under

of his own and Vasso's operation (in fact, not long after I asked to LeBlanc, an arrest warrant was issued in Montreal, naming him in criminal charges for the misappropriation of funds). And the present point of his argument was not only that he was dead right but that the company he was running, IOS Ltd., was one with which he and Vasso were intimately associated. What's more, the string of companies that rose from the ransacked rubble of IOS are totally under

the control of LeBlanc, Vasso, et al. If he thought IOS had gotten away with murder under Canadian laws, well, who should know better?

LeBlanc has had a spectacular rise, a four-year scramble from an obscure accounting job in Montreal to the pinnacle of a financial empire dominated in such exotic little lands as the Bahamas, Costa Rica, Lebanon, Luxembourg, the Netherlands Antilles and Panama. He has traded the business pleasures of home and a car in Montreal for two legal residences (in Nassau and San Jose, Costa Rica), two passports (one Canadian, one Costa Rican), and a fleet of four jet aircraft (some owned, some leased). All that remains constant is his own volatile ambition, which now includes plans to make Global Holdings Ltd., the company of which he is chairman and controlling shareholder, into the world's largest independent agency for investing in developing countries.

LeBlanc's story holds two lessons for Canadians: In the first place, we are utterly too modest in assessing native talent for high-flying financial success; we can produce



The early morning sunned all went for Merry Stratten. She had the dawning beginnings of a cold. Her period had not come on. And the weather—leaden skies chilled her—was hardly cheering for late spring Northing net for the day but her health, powered mostly for a 22-year-old competitive swimmer like Merry, thirteenth best in the 1992 Olympics at the 200-metre freestyle, on her way to a 7:30 a.m. workout in an outdoor pool.

She pulled on a black polyester jacket over her blue checkered shirt and tight jeans—clothes that showed her long muscled thighs and flat, bony, broad shoulders, typical swimmer's physique—and down her father's Buckle Ramen through the muted streets of the old, middle-class district where she lives in west-central Toronto. And before a first, slightly chilly, shower, she had serious matters, like Pina and Neigle, to see her mind.

"Well, sir, swimming is supposed to burn," she explained. "You build up gradual determination to the pain over the years—like, I've been in racing since I was nine—but you still feel a lot of burn, muscle tension and rashes and so on. And that's good because that tells you that you're working, you're getting somewhere, you're improving. You learn to push your body to swimming and to get past psychological barriers a great thing, which is something people probably don't often do about their stress in other activities. Even"—she shook her head and grimaced—"if it does make you feel that way, maybe this one."

Merry entered the River into a parking lot beside the pool in Neigle Park, the only six-lane, semi-50-metre pool available to her morning club, the Etobicoke Aquatic Club. Etobicoke, with more than 200 swimmers mulling its age from eight to 21, sits just five minutes in the room by the 1992 Canada Championships, is coached by Merry's brother, Gabe, and it is like a club, polite, cheerfully intense man in his late twenties, who was winning impatiently by the side of the Styria pool. He had already put 40 Etobicoke swimmers through a 5 a.m. clinic, and for Merry there was to be a special workout as preparation for a meet in Quebec City two days later.

Merry changed quickly into a swimsuit, green-faded, one-piece red. With short blond hair hanging her head like a shuffling, with tight patches on her nostrils and her, beige-tinted goggles, she looked vaguely like a mermaid from a New Yorker cartoon. She dried her swimsuit.

"Okay, okay," Gabe called, clapping his hands in front of him, generating enthusiasm. "I want you 200 in three-time-trials"—200 metres in three groups of 200 with a short pause between each group—"and I want you to do every third set. One mile, two, 200—two minutes and 29 seconds, when Merry's absolute best of the 200 is 2:12.4"—and I want her to do the 200 in three: Okay, go!"

Merry pulled off from the pool's edge and headed for the other end in a strenuous series of deliberate, efficient and fully described strokes. The motion of her body, moving gracefully in the water, had a grace and beauty to it, even a hint of erotic attraction.

"Not that ridiculous when you think of it!" Robin Campbell said, standing beside the pool. Campbell, a short, dark-skinned man with a permanent antinatal smile, is the swimming coach at the University of Toronto and he also helps out with the Etobicoke Club. "Ridiculous when you think of it. And you're doing a pool for five or six hours a day. Apart from track, swimming has got to be the world's most boring sport in practice. But swimmers

# UP FROM THE DEPTHS

BY JACK BATTEN

Canada's swimming and diving team in search of Olympic gold

are types who find a challenge in that. We put the highest academic people in swimming, plus the people who are interested with smaller rewards, a stroke down right on a scale of a second chopped off a length, instead of going for the mere 15-second results there are in just playing a game."

Merry moved in the water and Gabe leaned over the pool's edge, talking softly. "Near deep water pull? You know? It's in trouble. You're not keeping your arm straight enough. Right?"

Merry nodded, and nothing, took in a long gulp of air and throve off again.

"I discuss," Gabe said, looking grim. "Sometimes I discuss about pushing people too hard. One of these days I'll be wrong. I'll take a young girl who's got her period or something and I won't know the fact and I'll push you too far. Sometimes I think the home people are way ahead of us—I mean, at least, I think they have all the equipment to check a human's blood level and so on and see exactly what the heart is capable of on any given day. We ought to do the same."

Gabe waited until Merry had covered another first-out 200—in less than 3:12, 12 seconds over the day's target—and then he told her in a matter-of-fact voice, "Okay, let's change things. We'll make this morning an easy one."

Easy, as it turned out, lasted 30 minutes of pool work. The gaze of Merry's mother in the water gave way to something perceptibly more subtle, and the air over the pool was filled with a desperate, swirling sound.

"What you have to understand about Gabe," Robin Campbell said, watching Merry stroke back and forth, "is that he's different from the old-fashioned coaches as professional terms go. They don't push their swimmers. They don't understand the human potential, so they end up actually handicapping the individual player. Not Gabe. He gives every one of his swimmers a new obstacle every time they get in the water."

At nine o'clock, Merry pulled herself out of the pool. Gabe said quietly "You have to do better." Merry glanced at him, her face impassive. "I figured that out already."

Nobody looked happy.

Canada, it may surprise you to learn, is stacking up just fine against the rest of the world's countries in competitive swimming. Canadian prospects for 1995 Olympic medals shape up now in potentially golden in at least half a dozen events, easily the men's 100-metre butterfly, the women's 400-metre individual medley and 100- and 200-metre backstroke, not to mention several sets of relay events. Overall, Canada is currently boasting around 50% of such best dependency on how you arrange the situation. You have to be in mind, though, that swimming statistics, more than those in any other sport, are in a surfacing state of flux. In swimming records are changed as often as batting stats. During 1992, world records were broken on 52 separate occasions, and only two months—the women's 100-metre backstroke and the women's 200-metre backstroke—survived the year with their record times intact. Still, given that situation of hyperactivity Canada one remarkable lot kinds of swim facts and figures to discontinue its impressive status in world swimming.

"Steve Robertson, a 30-year-old swimmer major at the University of British Columbia with dark, bushy eyebrows, good looks, is the world's premier 100-metre butterfly competitor. The only swimmer with a better time in the 100-metre on page 43



MERRY STRATTEN  
Freestyle, Etobicoke



NEIL WOODLEY  
Backstroke, Etobicoke



BRUCE ROBERTSON  
Butterfly, Vancouver



LAINE CLIFT  
Individual medley, Vancouver



JOHN HAYES  
Backstroke, North York



MARION STUAN  
Breaststroke, North York



GARRY LANE  
Diving, Toronto



WENDY MACDONALD  
Butterfly, Etobicoke



SANDY BOYS  
Diving, Toronto



JANE WHELAN  
Breaststroke, Etobicoke



BYRON PHILLIPS, D. LINDSEY  
Freestyle, Winnipeg



PAT MORRISON  
Diving, Toronto



# ROOTS

BY RONALD BATES

The Canadian may feel frightened, face to face with wild nature. But he may also feel free.

Years ago I began a poem with the line, "The land he lives in is a lovely one," an attitude I would now qualify. The use of Canada is of course a fact, not only geographically but imaginatively. To give one example: Jacques Pilon writes how the first settlers felt the need to protect themselves "from the cold, from the isolation, from the vastness of the country and its terrifying spaces." As the years passed and Canadians began to people the land, in fact and with the imagination, the cold diminished, the isolation diminished, the spaces became less terrifying. Now I would qualify my first line by a change in tense, "it" to "was," and in person, "he" to "I." This would more closely, and more openly, represent my poetical sense of Canada.

Where I stand now can be shown in a series of rootfested scenes which form a mosaic, neither vertical nor horizontal but multidimensional, of present fact and remembered and imagined experience. One is as inseparable to the other, in full of meaning, as much more, for me, as now is. Some scenes: venturing out of the house, in the late Thomas in Regatta, at the height of a dawn storm, just to see what it turned like, in broad daylight which was like dusk, with the sun a dark bronze disc, hanging in the prairies blowing away and later that summer seeing drifts of dirt in the country up to the tops of fences, like snow; walking late one night, alone, walking home in the dead of winter, the snow glittering about like stars in the circles cast by the streetlights and crackling underfoot with a sound I can only ever hear down here, down east.

These scenes were not picked consciously to back an argument or focus-fund an idea but rose from the subconscious as I stopped, a few moments ago, to focus on what I could most vividly recall of my childhood on the prairies. Now, two things are clear: these scenes have no sense of isolation for me though I am alone in them, and as they are otherwise unpeopled their centre is landscape. This leads at once to a central Canadian myth so carelessly employed in its usual form by the Group of Seven.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Hugh Kenner commented on the "fictional" Canadian image, a landscape with no human figure in it, articulating his point around such disparate points as Canadian tourist ads in *Time* and the Group of Seven. Northrop Frye goes further by suggesting that "the expanding sublimity of Canadian poetry is in the evocation of stark terror. Not a coward's terror, of course, but a controlled vision of the causes of cowardice. The immediate source of this is obviously the frightening loneliness of a huge and thinly settled country." Frye also underlines the role of water in our poetry to illustrate "the sense of dissolution and transcendence and, more particularly, of the indifference of nature to human values, which I should say was the general Canadian tragic theme." It is true enough that the Canadian may feel frightened, face to face with winter or wild nature, but he may also feel free.

I turn for a moment, in this connection, to a regional aspect. The centre may be landscape for a Canadian, but for men on the prairies there is no little landscape, all the rest is sky. The situation of two friends. *Continued on page 65*

Though Bates was born in England in 1924, educated there and at the University of Toronto (PhD in English), he spent six years in the Canadian Army and is now a member of the Board of Editors of *Canadian Literature*. His first novel, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, was published in 1960 and won the James H. McMillan Award for Best Canadian Novel. His second novel, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, was published in 1960 and won the James H. McMillan Award for Best Canadian Novel.

# How they get it all together

INTERVIEWS BY BARBARA FRUM

Some people unforgivably suspect the workout question "How do they do it all?" isn't just an inquisitive super-sleuth's question to give us delivery access to the theory that with a little borrowed money we too might reduce the hunk of a well-run life. It turns out that although getting to the top takes an amalgam of qualities—ambition, energy, talent and luck—staying there takes mostly organization. The goal becomes not availability but predictability—granted through time maps, clock-timed agendas and a disengaged view of priorities. These people don't save time. They know how to spend it. Talk back.

## John Turner MINISTER OF FINANCE

I know how to say "No" quickly. You'd be surprised how much time that saves. I never second-guess myself. I make the decision and that's it. There are only two kinds of problems, those that get better and those that offend themselves and those that get worse. You can afford to let the first type ride, but you better get the second fast. The trick is, of course, knowing which is which. And you have to be able to identify someone. I schedule them close to other appointments so the person's on time when the other people arrive. I don't keep travel things in my mind. I've solved that problem by having a very good system of scheduling and bringing materials forward. If I want to think about something tomorrow, I write it down on a piece of paper and have somebody hand me the piece of paper tomorrow. And I don't let my secretary give them. I don't want her to write her time entry. She just hands me back my piece of paper. I write things like grocery lists, things in living rooms, things I have to do at a meeting on domestic affairs, and get the dog clipped, get tickets for Stamp and Clair. I write those things down on separate pieces of paper and stuff them in my left pocket. So I don't clutter my mind with those. It takes time off my mind. I write a lot of other things down on little white cards, speech notes, things I want to talk to the PM about so I don't waste his time and he doesn't waste mine.



time—ambition, energy, talent and luck—staying there takes mostly organization. The goal becomes not availability but predictability—granted through time maps, clock-timed agendas and a disengaged view of priorities. These people don't save time. They know how to spend it. Talk back.

CONTRADICTIONS TO CONTRADICTIONS or public meetings. They go in my inside rest pocket. For you've got a mobile office. It sounds chaotic, but it works. You've got to keep track of what you've said, and if you've made a commitment you've got to have what you've promised quite clear, because they're going to have it clear. Correspondence is something I get out of the way first thing. I write it off my mind daily. Later, the telephone calls start and then the meetings start and I want to stay loose for those, you see. I get on the phone with people to find out what they're thinking every morning. How they're reacting to what the government is doing and what parliament is doing or what else is doing around. I do a very early day travel through a couple of calls. No regular trips because I wouldn't want them to prepare for the conversation. I feel more in touch that way and also it restores our society, you know. They're outside the system so they can look at it a bit more calmly. I cover about a dozen. And I never dispute a minute. There's a lot of time wasted in writing minutes. It's the worst game of government and big corporations, to sort of protect yourself. I pick up a telephone. Or I am somebody. I like a close desk. The more things you have on your desk the more time you're wasting because you spend most of it looking over what's there. I can't control my days because I can't control events. But I can control my responses to them. I can choose between meetings, between appointments. That job you could go 24 hours a day on. You don't have to be at every meeting you know. A lot of people go to meetings because they're curious. They find if they're not there somebody's going to cut them out. Or cut them out. And if I'm getting close to a day, either because I haven't had a holiday or I'm tired or I'm just cleaned off, then I just walk out of the office and go to a movie or play tennis. I'm sure there are lots of more efficient ways of doing things than I do them, but there's got to be a constant of self-care, a constant of spontaneity, a constant of doing every once in a while to keep you alert, involved, to keep you from going absolutely лысый and stupid. You've got to be efficient enough to get rid of the anxiety and frustration to you can concentrate on the really more things, the people things, the strategic things, the new and lively things. If you're in a sense of security when you walk home, the job's too big for you. You should have another job.



## Maureen Forrester INTERNATIONAL CONCERT ARTIST

Actually the thing that saves my life is that my very dearest girl friend, Anne Bredt, does all my personal work. She runs my house while I'm away, and I'm away 90% of the year. One year I even ran into another without a house. Like last Saturday night I sang in Tel Aviv, Sunday I visited my daughter in Switzerland, Monday I sang in New York. I think we all say we're going to do less next year and end up doing more. It's awful. I'd like to have a time when I didn't have anything to learn for a week. Mentally all the time I'm walking around I'm working on what's coming up next week or next month. It used to be I couldn't say "No" to anything. Now I am better as a better. Like Maureen Forrester is coming in to Canada and we want to give her flowers—what color is she going to wear? Well, I mean we do all that. She asks me all every day and we have a little chat and I'll say "yes" or "no" wear purple. If I'm home she sometimes calls for me if I'm out of town. I talk to her daily by phone. My worst memory is the telephone. Even though I have flowers, it's still always something you have to make a decision about. And you have an idea the next I get incredible. Quotations: Who's Who in Music: Who's Who in the female world. And they send you these long 12-page

things to fill out. So this year we finally wrote out my whole history and now Anne can just photocopy it out. Anne decides what the children and my husband will eat. She runs the housekeeper and the cook, and then there's the gardener and the man who cleans the windows monthly, my manager on the radio and a public relations person in New York. I get the feeling sometimes that I'm working for my help. Thank goodness I'm healthy. I don't catch many colds but I take a lot of vitamins. I take Vitamins B Complex and B 12. B 12, I think, gives me a lot of energy. I don't care what the doctor says. And I take iron and Vitamin E and something like ascorbic acid because I have a little bit of arthritis in my hand. I don't need a great deal of sleep and I don't exercise much with aerobic things. If I take a bath and put my feet up above my head it's like having a nap. I think being people know how to do more than one thing at a time. In fact, I concentrate better doing two things at once. If I'm sitting remembering on a plane and my hands are still I don't remember as well as if I'm doing needlepoint or knitting or making Christmas tree decorations. And busy people are fast. When I go shopping, I walk in, say "there you got a yellow scarf so long?" pay my money and leave. And I don't worry about whether it might have been \$10 cheaper in another store. My time is worth more than \$10. Actually I'm much better to myself when I'm on tour. When I'm away I take a nap. I'm very busy. I'll be a manager and put my feet up on the bed and read or watch TV. But at home I'm super mother. I get up every morning at six-thirty and shower and I dress and I do my hair and I put a face on because I'm not one of those women who looks good unadorned. My son once told me he was very proud of me because his friends' mothers looked terrible in the morning but his mother looked beautiful. So I get up and I make their breakfast and drink when I get all the information out of that. But I want, the women do the men, you're capable of five documents. My husband says my biggest asset is I only think of tomorrow.



## Abby Hoffman

CHAMBER ATHLETE AND ACADEMIC

I train every morning and evening so I've got those two blocks of time around which everything else has to be planned. Because of the amount of training I've done I know more than most people. I can stay up for a couple of days even and it doesn't bother me that much. I've estimated myself to be many things now that my time is almost allowed for me. I've found ways of thinking in places that really aren't that good for it, like driving from Toronto to Quebec every day. Instead of just driving the car down the road and waiting time, I think through whole lectures. Now I'm trying to make sleeping a little more productive. One of the advantages of being alone is any time of interest is that you can always be off by saying you're busy in one of the other areas. If I don't want to do a week-end field class I can say I have lectures to prepare. If I'm asked to do something around the university I can say I have to train. Being busy is often a sign of other people's expectations. But to somebody used to that when you're incredibly stupid, and it's true.



## Dick Thomson

PRESIDENT TORONTO COMMON DASH

I've thought a lot about managing my time. Anybody who's got more demands on their time than they can fulfill has got to. I've found that if you start the day just five minutes early you feel like you've had a relaxed day. If you're five minutes late all day long, you feel like you've had a terrible day. Yet we're only talking about five minutes. That's the kind of philosophy that works for me. I really work hard at giving myself an hour where first thing every morning and another hour at the afternoon. These two periods every day allow me to control myself, so others aren't controlling you. It lets you plan your schedule and juggle it if necessary to meet emergencies. If you're always got a lot of people wanting to see you, you'll spread all your time dealing with their problems. You won't be managing the kind of upset that allows them to deal with some of your problems. If you work late at night and tire yourself out. If it's that important I'd rather get up at five-thirty and finish it then. I do my correspondence, for example at the end of the day rather than the beginning because my morning here is too precious to waste on such a mechanical thing. It'll take a pile up all day long, even though some days that don't bother me, rather than waste those early hours. You have to keep some checks on your time all day, even if it means your secretary has to remind you. If you're busy and enjoying what you're doing, time just goes by and eleven o'clock arrives be-



fore you've done what you were supposed to do at five-thirty. I don't stress it to sound cold, but you have to allow your time. I have a clock right in front of me all times and I keep an eye on it. The other thing I use is pieces of paper. I have pads and pencils throughout the house, upstairs and downstairs, in my pocket and three more on my desk. If an idea comes or I think of something I have to do, I write it down every day and put it in my pocket so I'm not trying myself out trying to remember. So, really accept the consequences you can meet, arrange your timetable around yourself so that you get a chance to do some creative thinking instead of just reacting, and use a good diary system to make sure your month is clear.

## Sylvia Ostro

CHIEF STATISTICIAN OF CANADA



I almost never get out of this office past seven o'clock. I get here between eight-fifteen and eight-thirty. Twice a week I have French classes and I usually work half a day on the office on the weekend. The rest of the weekend is devoted to household things. What gets dropped in my car is real leisure, really doing nothing. Also, though I would like to do it if I had time. Like more

theatre and more films. Obviously you can't make such activities. You do all the absolutely unshiftable things first. Then you fit the maximum time by doing several things at once. I rarely watch TV, but when I do I also read and eat. On Sunday evening I get into bed to eat my supper and I watch nothing, and I do it with a book. So it's a kind of total discipline. My kids are around and my husband, and I read things that are on my way self-educating or demanding



— like *Search for Paper* — and I watch lots of creativity programs. It's beneficial. The business lunch is an obvious discipline of daily activity. Or going to the hairdresser. I do that during my lunch hour and I work under a hair drier. Then you can concentrate on free by socializing activities and doing them all at once. I have to do that with shopping. I simply can't shop more than once a week, so there's the whole business of an organized way of picking lists. I have a thing in the kitchen with room for writing out lists for five days, and room below that for building a grocery list. It's absolutely essential on Saturday that I know wherever is required for the coming week, what the children need, what my entertainment list requires. I buy certain things in the supermarket, my vegetables, meat and fish etc. where, and that adds time, but I'm not prepared to reduce quickly. So these must be done. I must stay, though, I really enjoy it. This sort of thing of being addicted to work is absolutely genuine. If there's a day that's light I feel I must have done something wrong, which suggests that is either complacency or certainly self-deception.

## Mel Hartig

PUBLISHER AND CHAIRMAN



The answer to how to get so many things done is very simple, first you work like a hard, second you start, and third, you change your lifestyle. I used to read a novel a week, but I

haven't read one now in three years. I used to play four or five rounds of golf a week. Last year I played maybe 56 holes. I've given up watching baseball and I used to be a real fan. I've given up drinking and smoking. Now I spend my weekends reading things like the *Comptroller and Labor Union Relations Act*. If I have a track, it's a half-hour tape recorder and whenever I come to something that interests me, like the real state of poverty in the states of Montreal or what's the state of income in Canada compared to Italy, I just discuss it. My morning types it all in three-by-five-inch cards that are prepared for me once or twice a week, and then they all go into a very complicated filing system. So if I want to know about oil and gas and I'm not sure what the gas production in Alberta is, I just look under "Natural Gas-Alberta-Production" and there it is. It's never someone of the value of the time I spend. I use mpapers to make notes and discuss meetings in myself. I also keep a file on my own name which I review once a week, letters I've written that I want to be reminded of, people who've promised to get back to me, people I've promised to do something for, notes about ideas I like to see things on paper. My appointment book is a three-doubt square calendar which shows every day of the year and it's in front of me all of the time on the wall. We post it up ourselves every year. I can see at a glance that very exactly where I'm going to be any day of the year. And very important, I've taught myself to say "No." That's one of the great secrets of life, avoiding meetings you hate and refusing commitments to do something personal where you can't begin to hear yourself talk.

## Arthur Erickson

ARCHITECT

Don't try to do everything yourself. You must have lots of people to delegate authority to. I have a team of people doing things for me, doing research, digging out the facts, so I can spend my time where I feel it's more valuable. I don't want my time on unimportant details. Trust me as a manager more than a self-helper. Whenever I have it's covered up my schedule. You have to be very loose and make that things will turn out well. It makes life more interesting that way and unpredictable. It's non-planning. Accepting events as they occur. Taking advantage. It's a game of judo, you know. You take advantage of the threat that comes at you and use it as energy for your own purpose. I don't have telephones at all. You find things out anyway, somehow or other. If it's important enough a guy to see. I make lists because I have such a bad memory, and then I usually forget what I wrote the list on and I get through every I think that occasionally I put baby gas myself in little signs of panic to get work done. Unconsciously though, I have good nerves and I think that's pretty important. I don't get overwhelmed. When you get overwhelmed you wear yourself out. I eat simple food and fresh food. And not too much. I never go out for lunch in Vancouver. I have a pear and Camembert, and nothing else. One thing that's important to me is being able to get away from anywhere. It's my time of me, perhaps I don't plan it but when the opportunity arises I take it. My house is a little house. I can get an enormous amount of solitude and peace there. And that's what I get everything back together again. I put the telephone in the refrigerator. I can't have it. That's called a cold reception. The secret for me is a variety of challenges and pace and prospects.



## Barbara Hamilton

ACTRESS

I keep all my appointments on my refrigerator because I know I have to go there everyday. Several times I've got magnets all over it and it's really quite organized. A section for parking tickets, a section for work commitments, a section for parties. It was that at the jobs, but I haven't got a wall there that faces me. I don't carry an appointment book with me because I like people to call me at home where my refrigerator is. It's up to my neck in lists anyway. Beginning with "Get up seven-fifteen." Actually I set the clock for on because I don't like the look of school that says seven. Lucky I don't have to take both control pills because I'd have to write that down too. Also I stay away from people who have one. ■





# The Sea Has Wings

TEXT BY  
FRANKLIN RUSSELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
LES LINE

Seabirds are the most purely dramatic of all winged creatures. The others live in the shelter of their land but the seabird lives in the hands of the wind, in the grip of the full force of wind and sea combined. In solitude it can grasp them thing across a revolutionary combination of wind and rain, and on all points every and clashing currents. On these, buried hundreds, even thousands, of miles deep in the space of the ocean, millions of them ride the wind, fighting for their lives. They are, I believe, the toughest forms of life on earth, and I would be a church fellow whose emergency was not thoroughly captured by them.

But I would concede that they are not (automatically) the most colorful creatures. There are people who think seabirds are the duller of earth's animals. There must be people, I assume, who do not see them in their infinite subtleties, the texture of feathers the vast of wings as they lead on before stacked ranks, the symmetrical grace of their falls to water, their frenzied chase in the troughs of waves, their moonlike vigil at noon.

Seabirds are a small and independent example of the diversity of life itself. They are not merely an education to watch but also a drama, a comic opera, a tragedy, an entire mental played out in a vast stage. It is easy enough to type and an anthropological description of members, movements and the transmutation of species. All this work has been done. But such information says nothing about the strength of the wind at midnight in the deep ocean where there are hundreds of thousands of wanderers. It tells little of the impact of the hurricane or the unexpected freeze and ignores the joyous spirit that many gull seabirds when they swallow the surface of the water, penetrate in subterranean depths, and run hundreds of feet in the air or great distances that provide love-making.

This ocean of wings needs to be seen through humanistic eyes, with the solid plates as the bird goes to check an ornithological fact. Both word and picture are needed to describe the seabird, even if the magic part of his life remains beyond art, like the seabird, rare truths beyond right or comprehension.

The emergence from the sea of millions of seabirds and their arrival at the land is the most dramatic event of their year. For many of them this is not merely their first view of solid earth at sea, it is also their first view of land in memory. These are subadults making a practice run, so it were, so the breeding colony becomes reluctant to touch the earth at all characters. The approach of some birds, from the herring gull which is at least half a land bird is wary about taking over his offshore breeding grounds. There are dozens of experienced offshore gulls to check out the island. Many wary sightings precede any attempt to land. Even when it is time to land, the birds are highly nervous. They come down and attain apprehensions at tips then flatter upward again, only to fall once more without quite getting their feet to the ground. When our bird finally makes it and lands, triumphantly, a score of his fellows are arranged to land and stand in the weak March sunlight. They retreat into under their feet.

The spring of the seabirds is most about most overstep and mating. It is a pair of vast transformations. The relatively dull-colored creatures are transmutated into something quite amazingly delicate in their behavior. The terms trouble into their stand transformations over days, or even a week or more, and show no early signs of senescence. They are themselves along the shores of the various islands, particularly on Michigan Sea. Nothing much seems to be happening. Fog rolls in and the feghens move. Close days reveal a perfection of beauty and sound. But gradually the excitement mounts and courtship begins. The main dance is first of their perspective meets with pulled-out chests and held wings. They fly rapidly out to sea and catch each other, particularly used ash, and feed them to the females.

The male seabird courts his female and sticks with her throughout the breeding year, a model husband. It is so well "married" that the cynical human is hard put to explain how he is able to stay monogamous when he seems alone and is surrounded by complex thousands of willing brides.

The birds expect their island with the grace of their beautiful flight movements, yet this quality is made sharp edged by their hot tempers and their willingness to attack anything in defense of their territories. Thus, we walk across the island under a canopy of beautiful, heavenly, graceful creatures screaming the worst kind of obscenity at us. But they have come to aggressive work men on their island and they return to their nests seconds after he has passed. Once an intruder he has seen because their nests.

Years ago, critics or headless lightkeepers let their dogs run wild on Michigan Sea and the dogs found great sport, crushing up eggs and running down fledgling terns. Gulls from the mainland made regular sorties for eggs and young in such numbers that the terns could not repel them. But now, a new breed of lightkeeper longer has grown in response to the concern of conservationists, and prowling gulls are likely to be met with rifle bullets.





# The emergence of Claude Jutra

BY JOHN HOFESS

The film director as clenched fist against the heavens

At the Cannes Film Festival this spring, it was a Canadian film—Claude Jutra's *Kamouraska*—that received what is probably the most distinguished honor. For the first time in 44 years, the Association *Francophone de Cinéma*, a group consisting of France's most distinguished film critics, chose to sponsor the special showing of a film. Not since Alain Resnais' *Week-end* (1969) had any film been so privileged.

By the time of this year's Canadian Film Awards to be held in Montreal in the fall, Claude Jutra will be famous. He has followed a good film, *Mon Oncle Antoine*, with a great one (and judging from its long run in Montreal's popular area, the English version of *Kamouraska* will open shortly).

Jutra's success looks sure, even inevitable, now that it has occurred, leading aside the fact that he is 43 and this is the first time a film of his has received extensive regular distribution (*Mon Oncle Antoine* not included) for nearly a year after its completion.) Logically *Kamouraska* should not exist. By all that is reasonable Jutra should have given up years ago in the face of mounting discouragement and public neglect. If he had, we would have been losing the Canadian Jutra was an amazingly persistent figure in Canadian cinema, one of many minor artists whose reach exceeded that group and whose promise was unfulfilled. Happily, Claude Jutra's story is quite different.

These are people in our present who have committed crimes, including murder, for less reason, less frustration and deeper than any act known in the struggle to exist as living. Who says individuals become antisocial people and others become rebels is, I suppose, the difference between lacking faith and having it. The artist possesses some mysterious indeterminability, which is the



long run seems for even more than talent. Critically forgive themselves however, they can find an excuse for any excess, the artist is more of a moral being and he drives a harder bargain, from society and himself. He is a shocked first held against the heavens.

I first met Jutra in 1963 at McGill University. He was an unknown film maker, painfully shy and thoroughly drunk, trying hard to screw up enough courage to make a few, anticlimactic remarks to the assembled group of students, glad to find even 100 people to see his first film *A Tost Froese*. The same gifts of temperament and mind which are a necessary strength in creative work are often crippling weaknesses in everyday life, the high-pitched sensitivity can't be turned off. So while Jutra is stammered and agonized with acute embarrassment before us looking like a man dying to himself, "Have God deliver me from this place, but, artists now, these strong films, this terrible humiliating weakness," his film was clear and loud. For most people present, *A Tost Froese* was a pleasant surprise, a good film out of the Canadian movie-

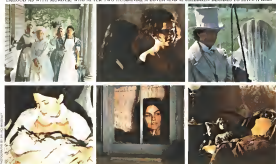
For me it was more than that, a life-changing film that made me aware for the first time that there was, or could be, and someday would be, a Canadian film industry and that Jutra would lead the ranks of our best directors.

Late in 1970, knowing that Jutra had completed a new feature I went to Montreal and saw *Mon Oncle Antoine* at the basement of the National Film Board office. No one had seen the film, no one wanted to show it. It was five months before some people would discover it at Cannes, nine months before it finally surfaced at the 1971 Canadian Film Awards and became the runaway prize-winner. Jutra still had little more confidence then when I had him seen last. One of his most valued possessions was a note from Jean Cocteau praising him highly for *A Tost Froese*. A few life-changing words of recognition something to read over and over, when there was nothing else to sustain his confidence in himself. There was a devastating blazer in his voice when he asked me if I had *Mon Oncle Antoine*. I told him no one could fail to recognize the film's merit. From his look of surprised relief it was clear he didn't know the true worth of his work.

"There have been so many years of apologetic doubts," he said, without breaking the sentence. He smoked frequently and nervously. Later, at his flat, the phone rang several times and the caller annoyed him. "There is this person," he said after the second interruption, "who keeps calling me. Sometimes I once know." "His voice trailed off." "And don't want to see again. What do you do with such people?" He looked vulnerably opening like a man who had had chips slipping in his teeth for a long time. Perhaps wanting to talk, perhaps just as strongly wanting to keep quiet and hidden, his voice quavered, his hands . . . (continued on page 43)



CANADA'S WICKED LADY: A STORY OF LOVE, MURDER AND MORAL AMBIGUITY SET IN THE OLD QUEBEC (1970) IS THE SUBJECT OF CLAUDE JUTRA'S NEW FILM *KAMOURASKA*, ADAPTED BY ANNE HÉBERT FROM HER BEST-SELLING NOVEL. GENEVIEVE BUIEUX PLAYS ELIZABETH D'ALLURE, AN INNOCENT FLOWER OF EVIL AS MUCH AS HOME WITH MOTHER BROOD AS WITH MURDER, WHO AFTER TWO HUSBANDS, A LOVER AND 22 CHILDREN DECIDES TO HAVE A RISE



on the one hand and direct access to the busy central office area on the other. The moment was 11:15 p.m. It had been a long day, stretching distastefully back for him and for most of his staff over more than 48 hours, the longest day in a long year of long days during which he had managed, previously and consistently, the arduous process of shaping a diversity of skills and personalities and technologies into a working television station.

It was done now. The frantic heat of the station's shaky inaugural programming was flicking across a monitor screen on his office wall. The first much-needed comments (praised by Moses and his colleagues with great "The money!" The money!) had already been transmitted. The debris of a half-estimated celebration littered the deserted office area. And it was at this moment that Moses Znaimer, whose normal peevishness to exclude him of ordinary family, allowed his weakness to show. Laying his head on the top of his desk and long-time friend the vermic Martin Lightstone, he let his message the station from his shoulder.

There was an almost theatrical wholeness to the tableau. To one side on the office wall stood Moses' mother, younger sister and brother, who had come from Montreal for the Great Oc-

casion. There were bouquets from well-wishers, wedding gifts, and among them a large basket of blossoms sent by his parents. It could well have been the final scene in a play. By Clifford Odets? Arthur Miller perhaps? Given by David Schwartz, who created the *Semmy Gluck of What Makes Swamy Awful?* And an epitaph, though not in context, Moses' life follows the classic ghetto-immigrant theme to the point of cliché.

He was born toward the end of World War II in Tupperware in the USSR, his father, a Latvian Jew from Riga, and his mother a Polish Jew, had fled there ahead of the advancing Germans, the only members of their respective bourgeois families to escape the holocaust. In the chaos that followed the war they managed to filter westward through the DP camps and eventually to escape with their only son to a new life in Montreal.

It was not a bright new world in Montreal. The father had to struggle to survive in the notoriously competitive garment industry. His mother in the unsuccessful Jewish-friendly garment work did not do so.

"I can't recall my childhood very well. I can only recall a dawn of consciousness, which is somewhere around the age of 11 or 12. The important things

in my life were that we didn't have much money, always had the sense that I was as bright as all the kids I went to school with, the fact that I'm Jewish. Very central, that — probably the most important thing of all."

With both parents at work, Moses had to be able to fend for himself at home as well as on the street. And not only to fend for himself there but for his Canadian-born half sister and brother, too. Yet he managed to maintain his lead at the Tupperware school and eventually made it into McGill University.

He claims he supplemented the family income while he was in high school by playing pool (under Pin Maurice at the Lasserre Pool Hall) and by working nights at the now defunct Chops Paris nightclub (an experience that confirmed his early distaste for liquor and parties). At McGill he sold lecture notes to more affluent students. But well before that time he had come to some more important conclusions.

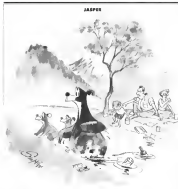
"In my early years, about the time I ended in the pool, came for the books, I was living Layton and started reading. I made a whole lot of very fundamental decisions about living that wouldn't let me people and they were well into college about life, love, power, wealth, these kinds of things. And they held for me so well that I didn't have to go through that whole period of angst and painful headaches and conflict with parents and abroad love affairs that made a person's adolescence."

The self-confidence paid off. From McGill, where he earned an almost effortless BA in political science and philosophy (and where he also became a close friend of Marilyn Lightstone), he went on to Harvard to pick up an MA in Soviet studies. With these credentials and fluency in four languages, he had to decide how he would earn a living.

Although he calls himself a "quick superficial person, more decorative than profound," and although his fluency in Greek and Latin seems to confirm that, he does find time to think out his courses of action. "I've always tried to get into a position where doing what I want to do is a choice, it's inevitable. Power represents the ability to do what you want with a minimum of integrity to influence your environment. Power isn't really has political rather than artistic consciousness, but in our society you can do more to change the course of things through consciousness, such as television, than through political position."

The place for him he decided, was in television. He applied for a job with CBC's Public Affairs. He was accepted readily enough, but with no experience he could be asked to write only a preliminary radio producer. Still, even that would be purposeful. "My political education taught me that it's a lot easier to

continued on page 48



How to not going in the water after those filthy animals have been in it



WHEN YOU'RE SMILING  
CALL FOR  
'LABATT'S  
BLUE'



BLUE SMILES  
ALONG WITH YOU



more horizontally between two stations, and vertically between two single stations. I didn't want to feel anyone, so before I begin I told them bluntly that I meant to become a TV producer."

As a self-declared bird-of-prey, Moser made little effort to excel as a radio producer. He was diligent and competent, but about the only stir he caused was trying to crush some of the more venerable, staid commentators into a more efficient style of performance. Otherwise he lived his life. "I believe in vitamins," he says, "and I move in wherever a vitamin case."

Shortly six months after he joined CBC, a vacuum occurred in television for a radio producer in the Public Affairs unit in Ottawa (always, because of its volatile political demands, a showcase for up-and-coming CBC producers). Four months later, another television vacancy occurred in Ottawa, this time for a TV producer. Moser was there to step into the breach and within a few months he had shown he was better than many of his seniors. He initiated, researched, wrote and produced an impressive 13-part series on the history of the Russian Revolution. Because of an scheduling at the desert hour of 11:30 p.m. on a Sunday, the series drew little critical or popular attention, and the project it did receive was divided out at an evener but in its focus and narrative, the popular Patrick Watson. The next move, Moser resolved, would take care of this.

In the summer of 1967, Gail Sarty, executive producer of the daytime talk show *Talk JR*, offered him a job as producer, with the option of performing before the camera on an on-air, live. He took the job, but he now he had developed a somewhat obsessive concern with dress, the fluency of speech, the grace of movement that were the keystones of his small panache, his performance on TV was far from the outset as mastery as his fellow *Talk JR* host, the then-late, but substantial audience nose-punching, wider-ranging and both literally and metaphorically, senior Adrienne Clarkson and Paul Sills long-established as on-air, found they had to work harder.

Toward the end of that year, the CBC's ascendancy was an acute embarrassment for the declining Pearson government. The incumbent, Alvinus Bennett, whose departure (after a political scandal) had been heralded by the disbanding of the *Sixties Days* unit, was sick of his antiquated position and wanted out. Judy Hildbrand, Secretary of State and herself a loose-living part to the government could not make sense of respected status or capability in a role on the corporation's staff. Moser, particularly amenable to the program staff,

never robust, was first doing away

with a daily news service entirely not embracing the guiding crown prince of CBC upper management when on December 9, 1967, an article appeared in the *New Weekly magazine* headed "Tadpole And Gnatcatcher: Meet The New Producer Of The CBC."

The candidate, of course, was Moser. Zimmer. The writer of the article Margaret Daly, managed to catch every ounce of his charisma, his sunny smile, his immediate if accurate estimate of his own capability, his acknowledged pride in his achievements so far, and his direct approach of what he might do next.

"President of the CBC?" he was quoted as saying. "Under certain circumstances, I certainly think about the job when it's changed, sure. I'd want it."

Because CBC is a crown corporation it rarely takes such dangerously close action as to fire anybody and particu-



Chubb, zig and uncorrupted grin.

larly not for acts of omission or for chronic inefficiency. The result is a bureaucratic structure that can best be defined as a mediocrity, with a certain panache of middle management barked out heavily by former programmen whose career path has been marked off by careful antecipation and who have been kind of experts to make room for succeeding waves of hopefuls. What Moser should have realized was that his efficiency was a direct threat to every mediocrity's belief that merely hanging in there and not looking the best might eventually pay off with the highest office of the corporation. And while corporate milk may grant slowly, it is irrevocably so grant. It was exactly two years later, toward the end of 1969, before Moser had to face reckoning for his error. In the meantime, he had advanced himself somewhat as a personality by appearing in the paragon of television sound bites of *The Way It Is* in press time on Sunday nights. When a program was being sought to replace *The Way It Is*, Moser proposed to the CBC brass an elaborate experimental program format he had been developing, which would have brought prestige to massive production, but his superior procrastinated and eventually shot him down. He resigned.

Meanwhile, Moser had met, through mutual friends, a young woman, Bern Weber, who headed Tang Management Ltd. and Helix Investments Ltd., companies operating in the last lane of corporate innovation and development — separate corporations. Growth potential is the indicator of corporate viability who seek an ecological, industrial or scientific project in their early stages of development, want not only capital but managerial and technical expertise, developing them in the way which they become innovative to bigger and more conservative investors, and then sell out and redeploy the capital (and profit) elsewhere.

Obviously impressed by Moser's drive and his ability to grasp and define ideas, Bern Weber after 30 minutes conversation at lunch, surrounded Moser by inviting him to join Tang in a six-month trial basis. (Bern Weber tells us definitely it was arranged, by agreement after 30 minutes. Moser asked her for the job.)

"I came in with massive hangings. I mean I was weird, I know. But like Moser — on Ben Brant's radio, I'm, all these things you've heard, I know. But at the time the character of the guy was such, he's such a charismatic guy, and I knew he wouldn't be in something that was a day. So I accepted. The deal was that at the end of the trial or six weeks, we liked each other, I wouldn't come on like an employee. I'd come in as a partner. That really scared me."

Moser did become a partner. There was an initial conflict between his personal style and that of the chief of Helix/Tang 24 hours up from the intersection of Bay and Queen Streets in the Stinson Towers, with an overlooking view of the new City Hall and an up-market scene and beyond, the rising expanse of Toronto's skyline and inner suburbs. He learned a lot.

The kinds of project into which Helix/Tang had put capital and expertise are nothing of sort diverse — commercial electronics, blueprint reproduction, an engine-wave recording system in search of the Amazon jungle for a contraceptive herb (although the partners were at the moment) a business based on a small island off Nova Scotia. The entrepreneurial zeal of the enterprise, with its rising implications of daring, of discovery, of mobility, of power and of wealth, appealed powerfully to Moser, it was a modern equivalent of the adventure of the frontiers. He tells of an occasion early in his career with Helix when he was on a trip to New York. He had had the job of winding up an unsuccessful project, a corporate strategy, and needed to tell him about a black list (or jacket) in a store window (black has always been a reduction of the Zimmer style) and

brought it to himself. Back in Toronto, he and Helix decided to drop Moser. He was a short-and-crisis-oriented man and had felt embossed on the back of the jacket. For a while thereafter he seemed, muted (and probably appropriately) by wearing a dark suit and glasses. But he was not.

Although he has extensive good taste and an infallible sense of what fashionable trends in dress are for him, and when to adopt or abandon them, he leaves the impression of obscurity. His hair, for instance, is styled carefully and frequently at a salon called Haystack. He has and he has the eyes of a city as a barber who can cut his hair properly and a machine who understands how to look after his hair (his hair runs to his vintage British sports model).

He was involved in a number of Helix enterprises, but eventually he found a venture that involved him more deeply and more personally. It was called Thunder Sound, one of a number of sound recording studios that crystallized in Toronto to profit from the CTC's effect that radio stations must play a high percentage of Canadian music. Part of the developmental deal was the appointment of Moser as president of the company, meaning that he spent part of every week working in the studio.

His personal style was rapidly imposed on the establishment. Receptionists and secretaries were all pretty, bright and, of course, efficient. A sense was instilled in the business. Several signs in a mainly symbolic installation were to join Moser. His office was cluttered with the symbols and components of his lifestyle — gray prints of a bikini and of a cup by his liquid art, various pictures and models of light aircraft like the one he now owned and flew, a new TV (bought on a spring-loaded arm over a 1930s-style rolltop desk), a telephone, a tape deck and a stereo, chains upholstered in black leather. It all signified a delighted interest in communications — to show friends.

To watch him exchange handshakes with such promoters as Bernie Pinelstein (who manages Murray McLaughlin) and Warren Forster (owner of the Riverfront club) was to watch a man back in his element. Using the Helix formula, which was so successful in other business developments, he entered to Thunder Sound a code of the best technical and managerial talent in the recording industry and, despite a crucial shortage at the time of generally talented producers, it paid off. He had learned, from his own frustrating encounters with CBC brass, exactly where the action was. "The irony is that creative people often complain about the mobility of management in underfunded firms. And yet precisely the kind of guy

who might become a good manager doesn't want the job. He doesn't want to give up the luxury of backing. I've always thought that wrong. If you don't want to manage, you're dooming yourself to life as a kind of waste, because the guy who manages in the guy who controls."

As though on some fateful day, the opportunity to not fully his outwitted skill as manager, to challenge on their own terms the media bosses who once rejected him, appeared in 1970 in the person of Philip Spector. An ex-journalist from Alberta, who had for a time

handled public relations for the burgeoning Canadian Cable Television Association, it was he who engineered the sale of a UHF station exclusively devoted to the rich advertising market of Toronto. She had already picked up some support and backing when she met CBC colleagues of Moser suggested that he might be interested in heading the program unit. He jumped at the opportunity.

Support snowballed. Ben Weber, Moser's chief at Helix, agreed to write in the project and to become its president.

continued on page 48

Tastes like  
a soft drink.  
Works like  
a diet drink.



Fresh as a  
fresca  
Sugarfree,  
with only  
24 calories per  
10 fl. oz. serving

so Moses was able to assume his new role without actually leaving his seat with Ray Street. By the spring of 1972 the efforts of Theodore Seuss (a host by good fortune was then conducting a bid in the recording business) were virtually taken over by the new visitors. With the granting of a license to broadcast by CBC, the newborn Channel 39 (as CITE-TV was then called) threatened Moses and more of Moses' attention.

Although raising capital for the station wasn't easy, assembling a nucleus of top-notch managerial, technical and production personnel from the three pilot stations was equally difficult. There were more crucial and more difficult Moses' concerns in the media were world of course, but in hiring the people who would work closely with him he had to find not just the best people but the best people *imposed* by the same stress on himself. He was incredibly successful. "While you can see incredible disparities amongst us in educational level, in linguistic style and origin and ethnicity and religion, the one thing you notice when you look at us is that every one of us will fit. As a group of people we're probably all surfer than we are deep, more devoted than we are right, but all dedicated to the idea that it is better to be driven than always right. Because wallowing amongst the first almost always ends up wrong, whereas the other way you at least get a crack at whatever the problem is, you know you'll come out on the other side."

The group was kept small during the early signs of development, consisting only of such key personnel as Jan Watt, formerly top sales executive with CFTS-TV, Ron Suggart, one of Toronto's most far-off newspaper columnists, Bob Cassin, a managerialial young genius in electronic engineering, Ross Matsuko, a tonight producer from CBC, and Phillip Sessler. Financing was held initially at Theodore Seuss, was later transferred to the only habitable portion of the newly leased Electric Circus on Queen Street. The basement. There, in a low-ceilinged room jostled with blueprints and old plans and few chairs, discussions usually ran from early in the evening until early in the morning.

Although younger than Moses in his twenties, Sessler is also established himself as the prime mover, the man to whom every one referred about every aspect of the construction, the staffing, the financing and the administration of the project. He constantly extended his unusual, almost autistic, to Moses and deal with an unmet and complex succession of problems with no obvious appearance of weariness or haste no matter what the hour of day or night.

The spring and summer were long and fevered with problems and solu-

tions, decisions and compromises, plans and counterplans, hopes and disappointments and delays and frustrations and agonizations and fits and. Moses and his colleagues were haunted by hopeful hordes of the young men who dribbled through the lower canopy editions of the mirror. They were subjected to a campaign of subtle abrasion when the local stations of the big networks began to realize that the upstart station might cut into their shares of the advertising market. There were problems in finding the camera, in wiring a constant old number from the cable operators. There were endless let backs (and several technical break throughs) in equipping the station on a budget that most television people would regard as gaudy.

As the September opening date approached, all of Moses' departmental chiefs were apparently cheerful and ob-



Better decisions than always right.

viously weary. Moses himself, always lean, now showed retained his youthful zip. Even when a carriage operation on his train hospitalized him for a week, he maintained his pace, boasting that he would keep a date to play squash with a colleague in three weeks time (he didn't). He had time at least to reflect on the pace of his life.

"The thing about that patch is that there is always something left over. That's the extraordinary thing about being human I think, that you're inevitably shocking yourself with your own capacity. That holds true far as here at CITE-TV. We're carrying some of our people right down to the bone. We're all of us just at the point of madness, because we've been at this for most of a year, 36 hours a day — and you've seen the days we work. And you know and all that I know there is something left over, because I know in the next two weeks before the station opens we'll do even more. The best thing of all is that when the place is hot, happy and rich three years from now, with double the staff, the few of us who started it will be looking back at those last few months with tremendous nostalgia. That'll be the period in our lives and the life of the station when we were all incredibly dedicated to the whole thing."

But the "whole thing" of which Moses spoke with such fierce intensity, and toward which he and his team were striving with such unrepentant dedication, was, even at the moment of Toronto, a rather small thing. For CITE-TV is not a TV station, for all the offbeat urgency of its program schedule and for all its uniqueness and being revolutionary as an exercise in entrepreneurial daring. There was still the possibility that it might not last out the three hard years that even its backers admitted it would take to turn a profit.

Although he was never so guarded as to admit this possibility to others, Moses must have thought about it and about its personal consequences. And if it did succeed, would he (as some more cynical, Zionist-worshippers implicitly suggest) sit in a book back on his idiosyncratic television? And besides, was he really the man to digress and ponder (and inevitably) write and own a small, name business once established? And would he ever be given the chance to? He admitted to contemplating such questions.

"I know, it happens now and then that, one of all the CBC, not one of the guys who started up the operation is still in charge."

Nowadays, some back, the aspects of the pioneer spirit — these concerns did get CITE-TV going. But it was only through the brilliant intricate manipulation of these forces, and of almost everyone who could be explained toward the end of parting the station on the air, that they were so convinced. It was yet another virtuoso performance by Moses Znaimeri, but, unlike his earlier performances in the past, that one went virtually unnoticed by the public.

And so at 11:30 p.m. on September 26 last year, with his station on the air, Moses Znaimeri had his head on the lap of Marilyn Lightman, and was.

People (and particularly people who have looked against him in the television world) tend to compare him with the Sunny Cluck of Budd Schulberg's bestselling novel *What Makes Sammy Run?* But the comparison is superficial. Like Sunny Cluck, Moses Znaimeri has risen from the ghetto to first-office success. But unlike Sunny Cluck, who schemed and cheated and shafted his way to the top (and paid for it in the end), Moses has always maintained purity by running faster than anyone else.

If the clean-up men, the construction-laborers, ever do have to move in on CITE-TV, they will not find in Moses a leader corrupted by absolute power, but a man who has run too fast and too far for ordinary men to keep up with. And if they replace him he will probably replace someone else — a televisioner or an. And once again, he will probably outlast the field. ■

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WASHINGTON from page 23

This is not a large embassy by U.S. standards, with a total payroll of \$17.72 of whom are Americans and the rest Canadian support staff. There are larger American posts in West Germany, Brazil and a score of developing countries, including Ecuador. (Large staffs are needed in developing countries to service U.S. foreign aid.)

The present ambassador, Adolph Schmidt, is a clever, cultured and highly placed political appointee who had the good sense to marry an attractive daughter of the wealthy Mellon family in his native Pittsburgh (where he worked for the Mellon National Bank), and the good fortune to be an early friend and supporter of Richard Nixon. Nixon rewarded him with the Ottawa posting in 1969, and he has been kept busy since observing Canadian affairs, landing with cabinet ministers at the Rideau Club, making speeches about the close bonds that exist over two people across 4,000 miles of unfadedland border.

Ambassador Schmidt is not the wisest person that some of his predecessors have been. For example during the 1962-63 tenure of Walter Rattenshaw, one of the few career diplomats to receive ambassadorial posting here, the embassy became bitterly embroiled in Canadian affairs, lobbying heavily for nuclear arms on Canadian soil and for the extension of the privileged position of the so-called Canadian address of Time and Reader's Digest. Under Rattenshaw's direction, the embassy also campaigned heatedly against assistance on the Canadian extension of the U.S.-owned Mercantile Bank. The Americans won local victory on the first two issues and a compromise on the third, but Rattenshaw was not one of Canada's favorite puppets.

There are a number of reasons for today's quieter approach (even dropping the fact that Canadians seem to have taken over the lobbying themselves). Much of the power once wielded by the Secretary of State has passed to the Treasury and Commerce Departments, and to the White House. When direct pressure is applied to Canada today, it comes from the top, not through the embassy. In the second place, it is a day when cabinet ministers get back and forth between the two capitals at the drop of a state paper, minutes of great account are often discussed over the heads of the diplomats. As a rough rule of thumb, the main importance that subject (energy, defence, trade talks, Canada's role in Vietnam), the less likely it is to be directly influenced by the diplomats, the less important it is (containing clearance for a joint Canada-France submarine in Haiti, the more initiative will be left in the embassy).

Because of his personal friendship with Nixon, Ambassador Schmidt has a

White House entry not available to most envoys, but the embassy's workings are still largely governed by the State Department, through Ruffa Smith (deputy assistant secretary for Canadian affairs), with occasional interference from the more than 20 congressional committees involved in Canada-U.S. affairs. Although their influence is not so direct, the promises laid down by Treasury, concerned with the U.S. imbalance of payments, and Commerce, concerned with trying to right it, are applied to the diplomats by presidential decree. For example, although Ambassador Schmidt had no part in forcing the new Nixonomics, he was landed with the job of trying to explain and defend them against critics of currency he could hear simply by opening his window and eavesdropping on Parliament Hill.

Under Schmidt comes Mac Johnson, the Minister, a personable midlevel career diplomat, posting (1964-69) and his role as Director of the Office of Canadian Affairs in Washington. For two years make him more of an expert on our affairs than all but a few Canadians. As Minister, he is the embassy's top career officer, its executive director and, during the ambassador's frequent pilgrimages to spread friendly tidings across the land, his stand-in at receptions, railroad days and other tribal rites. Johnson spends most of his time coordinating the conduct of the embassy, clearing evenings, and deciding what matters should be forwarded to Schmidt for attention. Occasionally, he goes calling on Canadian officials, and a strict protocol order is apparently observed; the ambassador calls on cabinet ministers, the minister on cabinet ministers and deputies, the minister on cabinet ministers and deputies, the minister on cabinet ministers and deputies, and the minister on cabinet ministers and deputies. In Washington, our diplomats observe a similar order at a lower level, the ambassador calls on White House aides, cabinet members, their deputies and Congressmen, the minister calls on assistant secretaries, and the consul on desk officers and senior aides. The ambassador has not called on Nixon since he presented his credentials three years ago, although he is sometimes summoned into the presence and questioned after a rare dinner.

Below the minister are committees for administration, economic affairs, political affairs, commercial affairs and what's called consular matters — that is, passports, visas, and whatever happened to Anne Barrow? The most important of these are Elizabeth Brown, the economic coordinator, a large, rangy, shrewd native of Michigan who says that he got his "first feeling out what the hell goes on around here," Goodwin Cooke, acting political counselor, Walter Collops, first secretary for economic affairs,

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who walked as an insurance adjuster before he donned state robes, and Hans Holmberg, the usual economic secretary, who reports on resources, materials, fuels and energy.

In addition, there are specialists in labour, science, agriculture and military affairs. Finally, there is the U.S. Information Service, which reports through the ambassador to the U.S. Information Administration in Washington and is charged with coordinating cultural exchanges (but much work there, it's already done by TV), making a library and conducting lectures with reviewers (translators: buying drinks and snuffing words). The new Counselor for Public Affairs, Ben Finkley, came from his postings in Bangkok and Delhi, and provides a fascinating glimpse into how Canada strikes strangers. "You must be a highly educated people," he told me, "even the cabdrivers and hairdressers get up two languages."

Most of the diplomat's work consists of observing and reporting, with a little cocktail-drinking, hand shaking and connect-pushing on the side in Ottawa, the reporting task is made easier by the preliminary Question Period, which has no U.S. equivalent. "If I write in doubt about something," says Emerson Brown, "we can simply take up the Hall and we will soon body ask the right question. There it will come out."

Question Period, news snippets, cocktail gossip, official notes, all form part of the information mix which is the heart of the embassy. So do confidential reports and occasional unsolicited personal and polemical. (At one time when the FBI was trying to trace drink dodgers in Canada, there were an FBI agents stationed in RCMP headquarters.) The material is all filed home according to its agency, either by teletype, Telex or letter. (The Americans don't count the number of teletypes sent from Ottawa, but our embassy in Washington files home between 1,000 and 1,500 wires a month.) The U.S. question usually normally goes in the ambassador's name, although he seldom signs them or even sees them, those that carry his personal stamp are the first person, those that don't rise to "me" or "by our wire."

Next to information-gathering and ceremonial functions, the diplomat spends most of his time on routine jobs, anything from counselling Canadians about a common approach to the problem of Pakistan's unpaid debts to finding out, for a late old lady in lawn, how much the moving sticks she found in her attic are worth.

The American diplomats in Ottawa wear white shirts and patterned ties, keep their hair short and their voices cheerful. ("Hiya, Charlie, how's it going?" say, do you happen to know where

France if we've got a message for him? Thanks, Charlie, see yah.") They have abandoned much of the solitary role to the direct top officials, Schmidt, Johnson and Brown, and concentrate on filing reports and maintaining a low profile. "We're here to," explained one of them mildly. "You guys are a little bit paranoid about us."

The Canadian embassy in Washington presents a picture that is not nearly so cheerful and much more complex. The chancery, at 1746 Massachusetts Avenue, about two miles from the Capitol, was originally built for an barracks in the Swift Packing Company Square Veterans Memorial, the last Canadian ambassador, purchased the government to put up \$475,000 for the property in 1927 — \$375,000 for the building and \$100,000 for its elegant furnishings — and it carries an air of luxury to its main rooms, with their elaborately



U.S. Embassy, a view from the top of a tree.

carved walls and Adams ceilings, that contrast sharply with the functional look of the top three floors, where most of the work is done.

We have three locations in Washington, the chancery, the Defense Liaison Staff building at 2436 Massachusetts, and an Information Office, which occupies a floor of the National Association of Broadcasters Building on N Street, just around the corner from the chancery. The staff is large, 302 government employees, 11 of whom are American (journalists, typists, etc.) and the rest Canadian. Many of the staff are experts rather than diplomats, they are commercial attachés, agricultural specialists, communications technicians, who are there here to sell something, like the travel bureau staff and the defense production staff, or to learn at the feet of the Americans, like the solitary

The organization is much the same as in other Ottawa, with an ambassador, two main ones (one for economics and one for politics), belated from below by a clutch of committees and attachés for economics, finance, agriculture, commerce, labour and science.

The ambassador is not, however, a political appointee, he is a civil servant. Marcel Cadieux, a vigorous former sub-secretary for External Affairs, with

two books in diplomacy to his credit, its director has been keeping the chancery in Washington and troops around the U.S. to talk to newscasters, businessmen and influential editors whenever he can run down to ground. Cadieux couldn't find any Americans to talk to, however, after the Canadian House of Commons passed a resolution this January deplored the removal of U.S. air raids on the Hanoi-Haiphong area of North Vietnam. There was no official U.S. response to the resolution, which was supported by all parties, but Canada's ambassador was given the cold-shoulder treatment in Washington and, as a sample of American reactions, found himself widely ignored, finding his name with women and periodicals.

Because of his background as a career diplomat, Cadieux has a much more direct role in the day-to-day running of the embassy than Schmidt has in Ottawa. For instance, he sees most of the telegrams that go out, and all that carry his signature that he still leaves for help in dealing with minor crises on Run Mackenzie, the economic minister. McKinney, a small, square man (if you can imagine a cultured James Cagney, you got the idea), came to Washington less than a year ago from a post as ambassador to the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development, and is still struggling with the maze of Canada-U.S. relations.

The chief political officer is Ken Williamson, a dark, slender and gaunt diplomat with 26 years of experience and an impressive grasp of U.S. politics.

One of the more colourful of those who work under the two ministers is Dick O'Hagan, Mission Counselor (Informant), a former press aide to Prime Minister Pearson. O'Hagan's informants and public relations are not only for the candy drum roll of press releases and special papers it turns out, but for the depth of "peanut butter" — the deep Washington word — it has for Canada in the U.S. press organs. Everybody knows O'Hagan, and most are impressed by him. O'Hagan arranges occasional visits of U.S. journalists in Ottawa, which are anything but polite. "We work our butt off, but we leave a lot," said one reporter who went. He also gives the press free random — strictly neutral — on the current state of play in Canadian politics.

Canada's military presence in Washington is maintained by 25 officers, four main ones and one civilian, and is headquartered from the days (1960) when there were 213 Defense Department employees here, and the army, the navy, the air force and the joint staff each occupied one floor of the Defense Liaison building. However, of the 25 officers, four have the rank of general (while the top-ranking Americans are Col-

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can't eat water cokelets! Major-General Dak Shovel, the sinking officer, explains that, "If a colonel calls a colonel, he may or may not call him a general only a colonel, the call will be returned."

Our military men are thoroughly confused with those of the Pentagon. "Your military men," says General Shovel, "tend to get along better with another military man than with the civilians." The U.S. argument that North America needs an ever-expanding catalogue of weapons therefore receives a friendly hearing at 2400 Massachusetts General. Shovel tells us he knows of "no case where strength created a war, whereas I know of many cases where weakness has created a war." Apparently if there is one form of provocation your military cannot count on, it's those damn weaklings who won't come out and fight.

As General Shovel explains, our role in Washington is to "keep the doors to the Pentagon open, so we can be in on the decisions making process. And when decisions have not unfolded?" For example, we're trying to persuade the Americans not to use the word "offensive" to describe attacks Canadian wouldn't be offensive. Instead, we try to get them to say "strategic," and, by golly, they've come around."

General Shovel's avowed approach to the Americans is typical of the professed ones of our diplomatic corps here. One of our missions ought to serve in the U.S. capital with those mouths open and only close them long enough to swallow whenever it being preferred. This feeling was formerly reserved for the British, it has been transferred, along with our role and obligations, to the U.S., and persons in diplomatic manner as the top of the External Affairs team. Reinforcing this trend is the new magnificence of the foreign service, which has the command, magnificent, and other attacks yielded to the diplomats in armor abroad. Thus, the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce has a strong contingent in Washington largely devoted to bringing our goods and keeping conflict to a minimum.

But there is a contrary trend, which holds some hope if it can be encouraged, and which is reflected in other ways.

The first is the importance of the younger country, who were schooled in a more American Canada than their elders. One day, trading back to the embassy from a Senate hearing on energy matters, a young diplomat told me, "We know our son doesn't tell you for long. There was a number of issues on which we and the Americans will never agree, and it's time we met so." On another occasion, another young affair—who was highly pleased to me by his responses—told, "To wash some of the old hands busy sucking up to the Ameri-

cans would just turn your stomach."

In addition, there is a feeling, fervent to penetrate the green brass doors of External Affairs that the citizens of the rest of Canada, that perhaps the Americans are not, after all, the trading partner we took them for. Maybe, just maybe, we don't want to be like them. Ambassador Cadogan, who, in earlier interviews, stressed the close bonds that tie us to the Americans, our mutual interests, our inseparable conjunction on this continent, is suddenly exploring a different line of country. "I like great grids in selling Americans that I speak French and therefore my country is different from yours, some of us are Latin people, and you are not, some of us are in the Francophone, and you are not. It's not that we don't want to be friendly, it's just that we want to go a different way."

Finally, we appear to be a little more canny about trying to influence the Americans. We have, for the first time, our very own lobbyist in Washington, although he is not called that. Louis Clark, a young IRI, long time aide of Arévalo, Québec, is a political secretary who spends more of his time in "lunch"

### Standing On Guard For BC

Just before Brando Columbia Premier David Barrett landed down in Washington to lay the details of a scheme to replace the proposed Trans-Alaska Pipeline with a railway—which BC's experts claimed would be ecologically safer for that province—the telephone rang in the office of a very high ranking official in External Affairs in Ottawa. By chance, it was in that official's office, and I was fortunate to hear his remarks as he still more casual conversation explained the scheme to him. "They're proposing what?" he said. "It's ludicrous—I mean, you can't do the thing by railway. You could put a pipeline down beside a railway track, but you can't move oil by rail. What the hell is it they're up to, anyway...?" "We can't have these little trading around oil over Washington with industrial countries..."

Had he seen the Barrett proposal? Well, no. Had he met the report, Kaulay? To the contrary, which argues the new system of oil transport by rail? Well, no. Did he, in fact, know anything about the proposal except that the Americans are committed to TAPS? No comment.

A few days later in Washington, as I found on the U.S. side told me that they had listened to Barrett's proposals but hadn't taken them seriously. "After all, this was just a provincial position and not one we could recognize officially. Besides, we gave the impression that your own officials thought the thing was rather ludicrous..." —W.S.

with Congressmen, lunching with senate aides, buying drinks for key officials on the important committees, writing letters to public figures who make speeches about Canada, and even preparing material for politicians interested in our way of doing things. For example, Clark produced a voluminous set on the operation of Canada's mortgage system for a session once chaired by Senator Ted Kennedy, who would like to see such a plan adopted in the U.S. The economist brought an American capitalist about "trade conference," which had some delivery. (How on earth Canadian react to the news that an official in the U.S. embassy was preparing dope for Robert Kennedy?) Well, it's nice to think that we are sometimes generous enough to inquire minutely to explain about us, but the Americans would.

It seems clear that our Washington embassy is in a poor of balance. It should be strengthened, if it is going to play a central role in the clashes with Americans over trade policy and energy resources. (Professor James Baym of the University of Toronto has suggested that the way to do this would be to make the ambassador a cabinet minister.) Or, if it is not, it should be cut back. The secretary could save a lot of money, for a start, by leaving that Pentagon since its birth directly to Ottawa, without the intervention of four boisterous generals.

A case can be made for either course building up or streamlining down. The second requirement is to make the advisory function out of the realm of the diplomat and into that of the politician. After all, if we are going to share energy resources with the Americans, it is not only the most obvious example—the petroleum—exists far beyond the world of striped pants and stiff memos. Elected members, who are responsible to Canadians as a whole, will make far better advocates for this country than careerists, who are responsible only to more senior bureaucrats, and in the new mood of Canadian nationalism, politicians are much more likely to speak sharply across the border.

We can meet this political requirement either by putting a cabinet minister in charge in Washington, and strengthening his staff, or by clearing away some of the useless diplomatic deadwood in the U.S. capital and bringing our core closely from Ottawa.

The only policy that cannot be defended in the case we appear to have now, with our diplomats divided and confused, may be quite different, in ways to the American challenge which a before us for the next decade.

What we cannot do, after all, in a situation in which the Americans regard us as a threat, is to let our own officials at the heart of the decision-making process in Ottawa. ■



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like LeBlanc, capable of turning out a balance sheet with the correct American. That's the good news. The bad news is that, as so aptly noted, the fudging that went on at IOS — the listing, not just to put five a punt on it — of IOS assets, was made possible in large measure by the laxness of Canadian regulators and the non-enforcement of those that do exist. The notice provided an officers' dossier for the manipulation that stopped the company. We were the necessary time between regulation. Worse, it is in part because Canada has had such a solid financial reputation

that the trick worked. A company, after all, that carries the proud reputation on its share certificates that it is "subject to the Canada Corporation Act" inside reassuringly square. In the wake of the IOS scandal that reputation is lost security, a number of European countries led by West Germany, are beginning to hint that if our authorities can do better than they did in this case perhaps Canadian occasions should be treated from foreign courts.

LeBlanc was right to be arrogant. I couldn't help but see an improved agreement. I had gone to see this intriguing

idea to further research on a book I am preparing on IOS. It is a company I had come to know, but, as the London-based Telegraph's correspondent in Geneva (where IOS headquarters are located), there is a consultant to the firm from 1968. There was a certain irony in discovering, after the collapse, that one of the key figures in the conspiracy that still surrounds it was the pulpy fellow-Canadian, who looks more like a stock thief than a financier.

The SEC has brought a massive fraud action against LeBlanc, Robert Vesco and 40 other individuals, corporations and banks who have, it claims, billed four IOS annual funds of more than \$225 million. Now there is evidence that as much as \$300 million has been looted from that company, the four dollar funds and two IOS-related closed-end investment companies.

A 14-week civil trial of the SEC charges ended rapidly in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York. It established a phalanx of attorneys and cast the defendants as unscrupulous 312 million in legal fees. But that was just the beginning. What struck Federal judge Charles E. Stewart Jr. in his hands down, the legal wrangling is likely to drag on for years. The SEC has said that it will turn over its files to the U.S. Justice Department for possible criminal prosecution.

Despite the seriousness of the allegations against him, LeBlanc refuses to resign the presidency of a U.S. court in the matter. "I mean the SEC is some down beat and try the case," he said in Nassau.

The stock professionalization claims that statement raises is at the very heart of the concept of "offshore" operations, and to understand this is a necessary to consider the origins of IOS.

Bernie Cornfeld, a former social worker who grew up in Brooklyn, had a simple notion that millions of investors around the world would buy shares of mutual funds if they could be rescued from the surveillance of domestic tax collectors, and, if possible, based in countries where tax evasion is not a criminal offence. Accordingly, in 1956, he founded Invesco Overseas in Paris and two years later, moved it to Switzerland, where banking secrecy laws are aggressively used. At first, the company's growth was slow, although it sprouted up considerably when he recruited IOS Ltd. as a subsidiary company in Panama and refined the hard-sell technique which was central to the marketing of mutual fund investment programs. Then, in 1968, IOS Ltd. became a member of Canadian corporations, and its registered offices were transferred to the financial backwater of Saint John, New Brunswick.

There were two reasons for the move

At the time, IOS Ltd. was about to launch a \$110-million underwriting of its own company for sale, as reported to those of the 30 mutual funds it sponsored — and to the investing public. A Canada-registered company inspired some confidence than a Panamanian one. The prudent investor may wonder how it was the thought of phoning down cash for stock in a firm dominated by a Canadian American tax haven, but what could go wrong in Saint John, Canada? What the prudent investor wouldn't know, but Cornfeld did, was that Canadian influence came from the country over continents such as his that conduct their business in secret, in the mountains. Finally, at that time, numerous corporations paid an corporate taxes in Canada.

The result was catastrophic. Six months after the glamorous September, 1968, underwriting, the stock market the Cornfeld empire in the form of a cash squeeze brought on by a series of self-serving ventures, including loans to insiders and friends totaling more than \$30 million. The IOS stock, which had risen nearly to \$10 a share, was selling at two dollars, subsequently suspended from the Toronto, Montreal and London exchanges, it now trades unofficially at 10 cents, for a price premium.

Had IOS been a manufacturer of ball bearings, the collapse would have structured like interlocking. But it had grown into one of the largest financial services conglomerates in the world, with a far-flung network of banks, insurance companies and real estate operations valued at around \$180 million. In addition, IOS had mutual funds in 20 countries, some close to one million clients, and no less than \$2.5 billion under management in its mutual funds. The mutual fund collapse of such an empire was bound to draw lessons, and it did.

Robert Lee Vesco had been studying the IOS apparatus from a distance for some time. Vesco, the son of a Detroit auto worker and himself a trained auto mechanic, was only 34 but among a small circle of businessmen and bankers he was already known as something of a \$100 million and \$4 million a year. By early 1970, however, International Controls had run into staggering market conditions, sales were off 25%, and the company was having its own problems surviving cash.

But Vesco's study of IOS suggested that Cornfeld's fund had more cash on hand than its own dire straits realized. So he offered to "rescue" the company with

a nine-million-dollar loan — which International Controls staff had to believe. Once the hard-pressed IOS directors accepted his emergency financing, he covered IOS to provide collateral for the loan with five million dollars of his own money. IOS had received itself with its own cash, but in the meantime Vesco had moved to a position of control.

He acted quickly to consolidate this control. In January, 1971, he misadvised ousted chairman James Cornfeld into selling his dominant block of an offshore preference shares for \$55 million, without Cornfeld's knowledge as to the real identity of the purchaser (Cornfeld's preferences were far from over when he was ousted, however, he was later recruited in Geneva and charged with fraud, altering specializations and criminal arrangements under Swiss law, for his role in the IOS collapse). The mystery purchaser of the Cornfeld



I found a junk Rolfe Royce

stock was eventually identified as Lukin Fugatevine Corporation, a Panamanian shell company (that is, a company that exists on paper only). To this day, Lukin's previous sales and profits have disappeared, although the fact that the stock was later acquired by a subsidiary of Vesco's International Controls for \$500,000 had led some of the suspicious outside the SEC to conclude that Vesco was somewhere in the picture. He denies this fully.

At the time Vesco assumed control of IOS, the four IOS dollar funds — Fund of Funds Ltd., IIT (an International Investment Trust), Vesco Fund (International) NV, and Transglobal Growth Fund Ltd. — had combined assets of about one billion dollars. For the past 18 months, as audited reports for these funds have been issued. By mid-1971, however, it was estimated that the assets had decreased to less than \$325 million. Reinvestments are now suspended. At any rate, because of the large quantities of dollars and unattractive securities that have been stuffed into their portfolios, it is virtually impossible to secure a fair net asset value per share for any one of them. Thus, for \$64,000 in redeeming fundholders, even if these shares were not frozen, there is little hope of recovering more than a small

fraction of their original investment.

LeBlanc's involvement with IOS began in 1970. He had been named in Montreal, and, after graduating from the McGill University Law School in 1971, he became a junior partner in his accounting firm, specializing in mergers and acquisitions but also undertaking some auditing work as undersecretary of accounts for the World Bank. Then, in 1968, he decided to leave Montreal for a year to become a partner in a firm he arranged for his company, McDonald, Curran & Co., to transfer him to the Paris offices of their overseas affiliate, Coopers and Lybrand, one of the Big Eight international auditing concerns.

He was working in a Paris office in mid-September, 1970, he received a call asking him to fly to Geneva for an urgent meeting with an important client, the president of International Controls Corporation. LeBlanc recalls, "I had had enough of those little before — some body from America wanting to buy a business in Europe, particularly with the European Common Market opening up — and so I went down to Geneva expecting, you know, a 60-year-old associate who wanted to buy some shares and I find a 34-year-old fellow (Vesco) who controls quite a big company and he said, 'I'm getting involved with IOS and need some auditing help.' At that point I almost fell off my chair.

"I said, 'Well, what do you want me to do?' And he like he was saying, 'Coopers and Lybrand to make a complete investigation. I said by when, you know, and he said, 'Well, like yesterday.' And I spent from September through till April or May coming back and forth from Paris to Geneva, working in the office, inside the IOS regime with a staff that ranged up to 45 professional accountants."

The media, LeBlanc says, disclosed that "at that point as time IOS had no financials in control, and Coopers and Lybrand had no idea what was going on. I found their workbooks — they didn't even know they existed there. And in one case was a book Rolfe Royce, and in the other two there were two funds. It was a whole lot of other stuff, material they didn't know they had."

Toward the end of his assignment, LeBlanc was approached by Vesco and asked to "look in and implement any of the things we were recommending as a firm." Accordingly, he was appointed

# Good taste.



Good taste comes in a variety of sizes. From Goodhousewife's Canada's finest distillery.

Cum gratia pertaining to the voting of a key block of stock. The victory left Vesco in outright control of IDS, and he quickly set Leffert to work restructuring the cross-hold company.

Lefttime split the 105,000 shares into three separate parts, the banking assets, the real estate and insurance interests, and the market funds. In October, 1971, the banking assets were transferred to a newly formed Bahamas holding company, International Banking Limited. Seventy percent of the shares were distributed to 105 shareholders, while the other 30% went to a close Visco associate in exchange for all the outstanding shares of the brand-new Bahamas Commonwealth Bank, which was to become the centerpiece of the Visco-Lefkowitz plan. In December, 1971, substantially all of 105's net assets and revenues in Bermuda were transferred to another Bahamas shell corporation, Value Capital Limited. Following the same scenario, Value Capital's shares were promptly paid out as 105's market funds to the 105 shareholders.

You will recall that International Controls, Vesco's company, was by then the largest shareholder in KOC. It was the recipient, therefore, of the biggest block of the shares in the two corporations that now owned the hard assets — the banking, real estate and insurance interests — while the major liabilities, which included about 200 lawsuits around the world, were left with the old firm.

Where the due certified, International Commodities had a dominant property share of 100, 21% of International Bionics and 10% of Value Capital. The extraordinary feature of this massive reorganization of assets was that at no time was 10% shareholder approval obtained for the restructuring plans. Whether such approval was a legal requirement in a complex legal point, it is enough to note that if there is no such requirement and Canadian law in this kind of case, then should be in any event, had authorities here followed their own responsibilities by issuing an order of proper disclosure of the transaction series of steps, it is hard to see how they could have taken place on the unfettered, but majority, 10% shareholders know what you see.

Although Canada was not sitting, in the U.S. the SEC was probing Vascor's role, and state (see LeBlanc) became the key figure in the New Jersey wheel-or-dealer's game plan. As a Canadian, he could not be subpoenaed before the commission, and so, on April Fool Day, 1973, Vascor publicly assigned a chairman of IOS. Simultaneously, the sale of International Controls' 38% interest in ICR Ltd. was announced. It

purchaser was Kilmoney Investments Limited of Nassau, a company owned by four IOS executives - including LeBlanc - all of them Vesco investors. The four were said to have paid \$2.8 million in cash and notes for 23.6 million IOS shares, but the cash bank for the transaction was only \$200,000 and it came to Kilmoney from that jewel in the Vesco group's crown, Bahamas Commonwealth Bank.

As far as Laillane was concerned, the Kalamay transaction was only a way station on his climb to the top of the somewhat nobly stricken that was conceived to replace the fallow empire of IOS. Eight weeks later he announced his resignation from IOS Ltd and moved to Nanao with his wife and four children. His 30% interest in Kalamay was sold to one of the other businessmen for a tidy profit, he later claimed, of \$400,000. The very next day, the house-



a change in attitude. And that's not likely, because attitude, reflecting fixed mores and values, is the only real kind of self-defence these people have. Like long-time anthropologists they're here to celebrate the great sociological debate they've come by contrasting it with the relatively short visit the Portuguese have made. This is what makes Portugal such an agreeable place for North Americans to visit, it's what allows them to like it so much — that and the final justification for travel, to keep the car parked.

So, with all our interested eyes at the study, we joined at the bus and shuffled, all in a row, into the famous abbey of Altopascio, celebrated, at various times, for its sanctity, its beauty, its peace, its purity and wealth. I managed to bring up the rear of our party young guide, which I had been criticizing, at various times since about eight this morning. For most of the same reasons I too have failed many times and solemnly groaned. I was not alone in my failure. One Jew expressed in the words of Christ: *Just now I wonder King Herod has brought the body of his murdered [infant] John here* (though not and after he had dressed the Queen in royal robes, proclaimed her Queen of Prussia and made her a Roman Catholic). I too wonder he brought the body here in 1365 to be at Altopascio in the case miracle (end of the world) and then he ordered his own body placed in the same church, *desiring that the candle be placed to his tomb* (the candle was first lit on the day of the Day of Judgment). On to the kitchen. *Through the center of the sea ocean and newly-grown half ruins a break results*. The *Altopascio* was then directed expressly for the utilitarian purposes of the monks, for the use of the kitchen, the pot, and for washing dishes and cooking intensely. Monks' meals consisted in water-and-blue glazed tiles provided space adequate for receiving rice or several times. Monks' meals at Altopascio in the last days of the 19th century were: *monks' meals*—grandiose than Chinese in France, the monks in which I was not. The columns of the nave rise up 66 feet—yet we group at home in their bourgeois space had managed from the mansions behind their complicity, in local space. I sit me in the room at Altopascio.

It occurred to me riding on to Miami that the current stereotype means that, at this point, we're supposed to be the epitome of overstatement, in dress manner and response. But a much more arrogant thing about us is understated. From the point of view that understatement depends on commonly held assumptions and that is the belief that we represent the best way to live in the world and that everything we're seeing here is a great new material for our own endless efficiency.

And, though it's scarcely stated, we've all struck a bargain: to give up any possibility of adventure on this trip in return for safety, to band together (it's okay to stand out as a crowd but never is out) so that we cannot be intimidated, so that our assumptions cannot be called into question here anymore than they could be at home.

[illegible]

There is little that is, in an ordinary sense, one way or the other, our next stop, except it is probably as close to a power station as I'll ever get. There is about it, in James Baldwin's words, "a rather terrifying air of sanctity. I was there because my work, a good Catholic, couldn't possibly set foot on the land of Portugal and bypass it [which was, and had better be okay with me]."

A little later Baldwin unfolded his flask of wine. We went on up to Batalha to see the battlements, gnomes and furred apes of the 14th-century monastery there. Now the powers of Batalha, to a moment in art and architecture, is an interesting tribute to God and man have been used by all the passing scores of the world's warring wits and away of the turbulent ones of us artists and art historians. *Præsentationes* (not, I think, a masterpiece. The page of

the church is 361 feet long, 106 feet wide, 105 feet high and has arches and moldings that apparently mirror the English of Winchester and the Parish of Aumery, but they reminded me of what life must have been like for the people whose sweat and toil paid for them. Leaving aside the whole argument that historically structured Christianity, by its actions not its words, has lost all claim to moral leadership in the world, Bullfinch dedicated to a war as victory.

twile more than to accrue power and wealth, left me as cold as the limestone of its fangs. Not was I particularly warned by the knowledge that in Royal Cloister, 426-foot-square of unsupported ceiling, the "boldest example of Gothic vaulting to be found anywhere," had fallen twice before his "engineering feat" was accomplished, killing many workmen; not, in a contemporary context, by the thought of Dr. Marcello Caetano, Portugal's current dictator, sitting in his pastel palace in Lisbon bringing out his African colonies for cheap labor. But there, as Hemingway says, in such a short trip we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people.

In any case, this trip — which, after 11 hours, didn't seem so short — was almost over. As the bus came out of the countryside and turned onto a highway running beside the Tago, a lot of the riders, like the good women they were, began to sing (*Lull Marlene, Pack Up Your Troubles*). I heard among them was a lady from, I think, Southeastern Pennsylvania, who had married the son in a rather different mood. As we neared the Magnolia de Pombal Square, a colony of gophers came up to the windows holding out tinforada for sale. "It's junk," the lady said to her husband. "You got to be insane to buy one. Poverty will drive people to be very generous!"

The gypsy drove away in a new Fiat, and station wagon. ■

## How is gas, when it is used

TAP: Portugal's flag airline flies only out of Montreal: high season (June-July, August) fares: 14- to 20-day minimum \$429 return; 22 to 45 days \$323; under 14 days or over 45 \$618; in the shoulder season (April-May/September-October) 22 to 45 days, the most popular duration, \$250. The rest of the year is best — 22 to 45 days costs \$223.

The government takes notes on a scale from Lousy A (the strong) to third class (poor) at the Ritz in Lisbon [52] to \$30 a night double) and the Avenida Palace [37] to \$38 a night double) are given 10. We stayed at both the Ritz and a clean but not-way-well-lit hotel person called João [6] (50 a night double) and preferred them, though we probably went to the person behind the counter to look for the possible (often-closed) ones, which are often in historic buildings and offer regional cooking. And not man food. Portuguese soul in Lisbon the club – Taverna do Encilhado – the most famous. O Fim, my favorite – are in the Bairro Alto or Alfama. Go his (11 p.m.) and stay early (his, closed).

## LESLAND continues

Trident Bank, one of the group's oldest active banking arms in the Bahamas. Vesco has reason to be shy. He has been indicted by a U.S. grand jury in connection with an undisclosed \$250,000 contribution to the reelection campaign of President Richard Nixon. The money was "loaned" to Vesco by Trident Bank and loudly aired in the now staid case which was recently handed to Maurice Stase, former Secretary of Commerce and then Nixon's chief money-raiser, on April 19, 1974. Vesco wanted his lawyer to sue the heads of the Securities and Exchange Commission who, he claimed, were harassing him, and he asked Jack Mitchell, a former Vesco associate and lawyer, to do so. Early the other day Mitchell is stringing the interview. After the money was received, Mitchell had arranged the meeting but the SEC suit against Vesco was not discussed.

There were other connections between the LaRocca-Vasco group and Nucor. An important group member was Gilbert R. J. Strach, also known as "Mr. Fixer" because of his influence in the industry, who includes the President's brother Donald and Edward. It was Strach who hired Donald ("Don") Deen, Nucor's first vice president, as a "fixer" in the Vandalia area. The two men frequently handled Mr. Vasco's shopping duties and sometimes drove the children to school. He was employed in Nantux by New Providence Learning, one of the group's companies, although he has never listed a car in his life. He refers to Vasco as "Big Bobby" and has put through calls to the White House on his behalf. His contact there was John A. Christman, the President's brother-in-law. The two men frequently met in the Waterbury apartment.

The Leffiane-Veeco group's attempt to win influence worked better in the Bahamas than in the U.S. While other banks were cutting back credit because they were nervous about the nation's economic prospects after last year's elections (the official date was July 19), Bahamas Commerce Bank's Bank had pumped more than \$20 million into the economy in the last year alone, mainly in the form of loans and renewable 90-day treasury notes. By coincidence friends and allies of the ruling Progressive Liberal Party have benefited, not the least that while most companies owned in Nassau find it difficult if not impossible to get work permits for foreign personnel, Veeco and Leffiane know how to work around them.

With the Bahamas squarely in the orbit of influence, LeBlanc's focus has moved on to Costa Rica, with a series of transactions through Global Holdings, Bahamas Commonwealth Bank and a new LeBlanc venture — Biocorp de Costa Rica, SA, — pouring in at least \$3

and one of the original business partners. As a result, LaBlanc and Vescio have been granted official residence status, have announced their intention to become Costa Rican citizens and have been issued with Costa Rican passports. Vescio's is stamped "diplomatic" and identification him as a dedicated adviser to President Jose ("Don Pepe") Figueres. (By one of those happy chances that mark this trust, HSB's HT fund losses of \$1.15 million to a company controlled by Don Pepe's family.)

João, the Costa Rican capital. The fourth is in school at Geneva. "I sometimes back and forth between Nassau and San Jose. It's only a two-hour flight in my jet," he says. He has a \$40,000 home just around the corner from Mario Figueres, his close friend and the eldest son of the president.

Leblanc maintains that, since the purchase of Global Holdings, his interests have been separated from those of Vinco, who is now an official fugitive from the U.S. (His failure to appear at a grand jury hearing, he was held in crim-

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continued on page 62



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old swimmers and two swimmers have been added for his team. When I ask what these present circumstances were, LeBlanc replied, "None other." He is on the board of a company I have a small percentage of ownership in, Global Navi and Resources Properties Limited. We are in the United States. We see each other fairly often."

LeBlanc forbore to mention that contact exists between the controlling shareholders of key companies in the group whereby, in some instances, an opinion required that if one of the group wants to build out but voting stock must be offered back to one of the others. He also felt free to mention that he and Vanzo are partners in Costa Rica's coffee market.

Since the SEC, founded in 1933 and, possibly, has been building against the LeBlanc-Vanzo group. The Vanzo trust is now a matter between governments, and at the highest levels. President Figueroa of Costa Rica personally wrote President Nixon over the alleged possession of Vanzo. Prime Minister Mulroney's Nexus office has consulted with the State Department, Washington has sent emissaries to Ottawa, London, Luxembourg and Bonn.

The Luxembourg Banking Commission got into the act, preventing the freezing on February 1 of \$155 million in cash from the four IOS funds that had been in dispute with Inter-América's Bank. No less than \$100 million of this money was insured in a BCI account with the Bank of Montreal in Montreal. The Quebec Securities Commission dropped a freeze order on this, causing several BCI cheques to bounce. Another \$15 million was uncovered in the Bank of Montreal (Bahamas and Cayman) Ltd. in Nassau.

The freezing of these funds has restricted the financial operations of LeBlanc and his friends. However, as soon as the SEC action was lifted, plans were drafted to diversify into the business of arms whenever possible. Two employees of Bahamas Commonwealth Bank, one

of them identified as "The Flying Irishman" and the other a young Swiss accountant, left for Panama City with a briefcase full of money. There they attempted to open five numbered bank accounts in five different banks. In addition, the group's local affiliate, Phoenix Financial Services Inc., received \$1 million in apparently allocated to Inter-América Capital SA, a newly formed Costa Rican "closed-end" investment company, although what it intends to do never been disclosed. The \$56 million, along with another six million dollars already on deposit with Inter-América, came from the IOS Fund of Funds.

Phoenixman-regarded Phoenix, like the natural bird, is ready to rise from the ashes of its former financial life, if need be. All those whooping and dancing have done scrutiny, not all of it friendly, to LeBlanc, who says he has been portrayed as "the largest wonder of all

LEBLANC HOPES TO SEE HIS PERSONAL FORTUNE RISE THAT OF HUGHES OR CHAGALL

time." Rather, he says, he is the victim of an SEC campaign to extend its jurisdiction beyond U.S. borders. In other words, he says, he has become involved in a game war being waged against him by U.S. bureaucrats.

"The harassment extends far beyond what one would expect a regulatory agency to do from merely following the phones are logged in my house. That office phone [was] bugged."

The Nassau bank has been turned into a maximum security area on LeBlanc's complaint that he is being held in a closed-circuit television camera being monitored. A phalanx of uniformed security men equipped with walkie-talkies patrolled the perimeter, and armed guards are stationed at the entrances of the principal group members to keep out the unwanted, the curious and, above all, the U.S. marshals.

LeBlanc makes a national print-out of his battle with the SEC. What makes the Americans really mad, he suggests, is the removal of \$225 million from U.S. stock markets to invest in developing countries like Costa Rica.

"There are countries where people are a little sick and kind of paranoid, they tend to get foreign aid. People are saying 'We're not taking big hand-outs from the Americans any more!'"

He plans to keep investing in such countries through his network of companies, and he hopes to see his personal fortune blossom to rival E. P. Taylor, Rosslyn Hughes or Arnold Cassin.

If that happens, Canadians, including those who invested a one-time of \$100 in IOS ventures, may have a right to wonder how much they, and their government, helped. Did Canadian authorities insisted on disclosure while the IOS drama was unfolding much of the details might have been avoided, but they were kept, the two companies of two busy later, when it became obvious that the union were disappointing, the suspension, or even the threat of suspension, of the Canadian drama would have served to warn the foreign financial community that something was drastically amiss, but that did not happen, either. The Ontario Securities Commission suspended trading in IOS Ltd. shares, but this action, while it provided protection for some Canadian investors, did nothing to protect any responsibility to the world at large. The Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs has launched a study to review and tighten securities legislation while drafting a new set of proposals to regulate financial markets in Canada. It is expected to take three to five years for these proposals to come to fruition.

When I told LeBlanc that the Canadian government was working up to closing the bank door five years after the action had been issued, he laughed. In fact, I imagine he laughed all the way to San Jose. ■

backstroke. The two girls, who are, in their own words, "not friends but not fighting either," derive much of their competitive fervor from the simple rivalry of fighting for the star spot on the Dolphins Club.

Heena Bhattacharya didn't figure to beat the Kenyan British in his specialty, the 100-meter freestyle, when he went up against them in a Canada-USSR meet in Winnipeg late this spring. After all, it was swim time and he had swam only two weeks of competitive training. But Phillips, a 16-year-old Winnipegger with a long-haired top knot, not only whipped the Kenyan—he also time within three-hundredths of a second of

matching his own Canadian record for the distance.

Canadian swimming isn't in Golden Age," Nick Thierry started up one day not long ago, sitting in his office on Lansdowne Boulevard in North Hollywood, California. Thierry, a dark-skinned, balding, sophisticated man in his mid-thirties, should know. An international swimmer of Swimming World magazine, he keeps close tabs on international swimming that almost anyone, and he has a special knowledge of the Canadian situation because he coached many of our swimmers in the 1960s, was in charge of the excellent Canadian team that toured Europe in 1965, and was team coach for the 1970 British Commonwealth Games.

"The bad situation I would say about Canadian swimming is that there aren't enough swimmers. Nobody puts up the money to keep good guys in coaching men who want to make coaching their full-time profession. There are a few—Gaye Strasser in Toronto, Derek Sealing in Vancouver, George Gyle in Pacific Coast—but not enough. I know that at the 1972 Canadian Nationals, out of maybe 100 coaches and other officials, only six had been at the same event in 1966. That's an incredible rate of attrition.

"But, you know, I think the situation is so good for swimming in Canada that by 2000 the country will rank number two in the whole world."

While Merrily Strasser, in the dressing room at the Seydlitz pool, changed out of her bathing suit, her brother Gaye and Robin Campbell, the University of Toronto swimming coach, sat on a bench at the edge of the pool and looked back, although admittedly, over the events that led to Merrily's greatest swimming triumph, her trip to the 1972 Olympic Games.

"The coaches Merrily had told me she had didn't make her work hard enough," Gaye explained, his voice going hoarse from a screaming of shouting at team meets. "Then I got her in an oval and I pushed her. She'd end up in tears some days and our mother'd say at night, 'What are you doing to Merrily anyway?' But Merrily kept coming back for more."

"Pursuing—she's the big position in swimming," Robin Campbell packed up. "Kids get into swimming and they have a lot of rebel actions and then they plateau—they stay at the same level for a long period, maybe six months. It's like a hockey team not wanting a little more for six months. Well, Merrily plateaued for an incredibly long time, two or three years without any real improvement."

"But I knew she could make the Olympic team after I went to a meet

down in Australia in the February before the Games," Gaye went on. "I saw the coach the other girls were making and I came home with the idea of making of Merrily's confidence that she could come as fast as they could. Okay, Merrily went to work and she finally put it all together at the most crucial moment, as the finale of the Canadian Olympic team for the 200 freestyle. She made her turn for the last lap of the race and there was a just split slightly ahead of her. And Merrily took off. You could see her rise higher in the water and turn it on. Finally!" We were all gasping inside while

she. She passed the other swimmer and made the Olympic team, and then she went to Munich and posted it as all one takes."

"A lot of memories, yes, take a free ride to the Olympics," Robin Campbell chipped in. "They make the team and go to the Games just for the exposure, and in the end even they think so fast out of it that it's embarrassing. But Merrily took her free ride and swam the fastest 200 of her entire life."

Merrily surprised them at the Seydlitz dressing room as her jet jacket had

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The one with 1½ calories.



All diet soft drinks were not created equal. Sugar-free TAB has only 1½ calories per 10 fl. oz. serving.

Need we say less?



left behind is just over that contemporary's shoulder, "the longest unbordered border."

Leaving into the Mohawk Valley, out of Niagara, on the New York State Thruway is a lot easier and swifter today than it was about 200 years ago when my ancestors rumbled back into the farmlands and settlements from which they had been driven by their rebel neighbors. You can't go home again, but you can go back as they went, raiding as an I went, searching the past. Striving when war, about 1765, Thruway County, I was about to find a local habitation for the family, a place that fits the ghostly through paper documents, ancestor ads and memoirs.

As we followed along the flats, the wendings of the Mohawk and the New York State Thruway (the first, permanent, unceded passageway). A panorama is a wide view from a certain place, the place seems not to matter and the view is still. A place is never a view, only the floating spot you stand on, only a state, but the only issue you have the sense of place. That place of sense is where you start from, being there now. But from where you are there is a panorama in space — and time, for each, an individual time and space. And that panorama help center you at this place, with this issue.

So we rolled through the German Flats, past St. John's, where the old Palatine Church of 1770 still stands, past Flatts and Newham into Chazyville. Here my great-great-great-great-grandfather, Lertt Henry Hise, of Butler's Indian department was hanged by the rebels as a spy in front of his house, in Canada, and his former neighbors. Then north through Palatine Bridge on the road to Stone Arabia, where the

shades of older seasons begin to take on a familiarity.

Among the first grantees of the Stone Arabia Patent (1723) was a Canadian Loyalist, Eugene Smith, and his family. Some grantees bearing their names still stand behind the two churches about a mile north on historical marker indicates the spot where Adam Linder's son stood. Here the first meeting of the rebel Tryon County Committee of Safety was held. Yet in Abraham Linder was in Sir John Johnson's Royal Regiment of New York.

Early the scholasticism Canadian reimagining with the State's work of history as well as geography. The American Revolutionary War was as much a civil war as that of 1642-48 or 1861-65. Has there ever been a rebellion in how many families went apart? To take one example, the bloods in the Onondaga in 1777 was apparently as pure

YOU CAN'T GO HOME,  
ANIM, BUT  
YOU CAN GO BACK

caused by the fact that, treated with the loyalty by some of his colonists because members of his inner family were fighting with the Loyalists, the Revolutionary General, Nicholas Herkimer, pushed his troops forward in haste and without primitive means on the banks. The Yankees were day-patched, Herkimer's mortality wounded, and after the battle, partly fought in a territorial dispute, the Tryon County militia officers lay dead, all turning done.

As I drove up Interstate 19 along the Champlain route in Canada, I thought of those who had gone the same way almost 200 years before me. A large pro-

portion of the original United Empire Loyalists who settled Stennett, Dundas and Glenora counties, was either Palatine Germans or Scots from the Mohawk Valley. German Falls, Chazyville, Stone Arabia, Johnstown, Schoharie. This area is as much a part of my heritage as the trade of Snyder's farm. A canoeist from that field serves me in a paperweight. That is part of the particular sense of place, now, as in the ancestral sun on a cottage near Flatburgh, N.Y., Robert S. Tredwell, though obviously not at the same level of intensity.

So, today, I turn to the future — and the past. I sit inside my car, a real car, not one of those legal rooms found in executive suites, highways and hotels. This seems a first with logs, not heated by electricity, and the cold seems somehow not come out of a pipe, you have to deal with it. The difference between this and the fashionable, highly lit is the sense in that between the taste of fish flesh from the lake and the taste of the fish head. This is the real thing, all the rest is advertising.

And in front of me is Thon Lake where we used to call and I still think of as Lake Lake. It is right out of a Group of Seven painting, the water, some white on the water, the evergreen and birch, the rocky shore and the hump-backed hills on the other shore to the northwest. Although it is not winter, I think of Voltaire's letter to Canada. This land is not perhaps as good as we live, an island of snow. Voltaire's countryman Pascal, with the fear of infinite space which many of our writers share, found with Canada and their presence in it. My sense of place, then, is that my city apartment and here on Thon, I feel most at home — and free. ■

JUTRA now page 42

trembled. I sensed the careful record accuracy of his words: "There is this person..." When the phone chimes sounded again he spoke sharply in French and hung up. There were two color photographs on one wall of the sparsely furnished apartment. One of a couple standing, looking in an embrace, broken with sunlight, taken I recognized as that very room or one identical one. The other was probably outdoors. The male in it and the young woman sprinkled with apparently having just returned from making love. Apart from a shelf of books and records there wasn't much else to look at in Jean's apartment.

There was a tangible loneliness in the place. The kind of looking one has after seeing *A Time to Precede* in which Jutra portrayed himself unflinchingly and astonishingly in a time love affair with a black model named Johna. It was not

the kind of loneliness that one picks; it wasn't some crippling, one-size block. It seemed more like the kind, cautious and necessary loneliness of someone who puts attention to work, at least occasionally. At the same of completing *Mon Coeur Ancestral*, Claude Jutra was an unmarried, unemployed, 40-year-old film director who had spent most of his life in and out of film in Montreal. Where other men took even had children and accepted a duty record of responsibilities, he did not. Where other men sought their future proudly, calculatingly, and tried to make life conform to their ambitions, Jutra was passively accepting the future as one-sided and uncertain, where other men have been easy of their youthful enthusiasm and grown to think more like their peers in herded society, Jutra kept alone a person, childlike wonder and unresponsibility. He is, in all

probability, no average man, but step by step he chose a different path, finding his family's three-generation involvement in medicine and gambling that somehow he would make a major film. In most homes, if a husband's income economic solvency in his career used 41 years of age, and didn't even know for certain that his career was a gratified investment, it would be an insupportable situation. He would be thought of as a needy, economic maverick with pipe dreams and no viable means of support. If Jutra is literally a "backdoor of art" he has to be; choosing solitude over companionship more often than not, choosing properly short-lived relationships that will leave him free. Choosing — at times — melodramatic lessons that will give him emotions a thorough workout and keep the artist primed and trained in acute observation about human behavior. To live un-

continued on page 66

# Canada A.M.

## Where great people make great television



## Join someone nice for breakfast on CTV





She could and wanted when he reaches for her like he refuses to take flight; work him like the dog, barely feeling like a foot, a leg, barely lost everything, caring, in the English he resorts to when enraged, "This damn woman who has been the ruin of me."

Elizabeth marries again (after a two-month light romance for the suspected complicity in the death of her first husband), an even more passionate man, Jerome Rolland. And in a well-to-do world of rare fur and hand-cut crystal, swiveling servants and social prestige, she raises the children of Andre, the child of George Nelson, and several more by Monsieur Rolland. She is the spirit, the soul of Quebec, sensual, quibbling, naturally mischievous and yet tenderhearted to all who love her. The soul is set in Elizabeth's mind and woman in short, French, staccato sentences, weaving all points in her life into a swift career of the stream-of-consciousness technique, the most successful use of the style since Joyce's *Ulysses*. The film is more restrained and

taken as outside, objective view. It is a cold and strange look at passion, at the price of love. Though the film has virtually no emotion (and has none of the tenderness of *Mon Oncle Antoine*) it takes hold of our mind and heart in other ways.

To prepare for the role of Elizabeth d'Amboise, Genevieve Bujold learned repeatedly in Strowsky's *Le Secret du Fosseuse* to help set the mood of southern France that is characteristic of the role. There is no way of capturing the qualities of her performance here from the way that Michel Brault has photographed her, for it has been many years, perhaps as far back as *Orfeo* in her prime, that any actress has received such loving visual attention. So lightly faded are the elements in *Kanawauaka* — no script, cinematography, acting and direction are all of award-winning caliber — that it becomes impossible to realize any one person's contribution to it. The film leaves out a note of revolt, shimmering images, the crush of snow, a bullet in the back,

the rattle of cheap cotton skirts, the reminiscence of cheap jazz without any tango, a feast story about love. There is a fullness of life and weight to *Kanawauaka* that no previous Canadian film has possessed.

"I have no idea what I think of the film," Jutra says, "it's too close to me. I've interacted with its working details. We shot at least another hour's worth of material that had to be cut. Some people said when they'd seen two hours of it, that they loved it and could watch it forever, but it wasn't true. Everybody got restless during the longer version."

"I've actually reached the point where I'm sick of talking about films, thinking about films. I want a holiday, the first real holiday in over eight years. I just get away, and unwind, and in a way, become someone new. By the time a film is finished, I'm always tired of the cut that made it. It seems like an old man, to be able to."

"How do you survive in English Canada?" he asks me.

"It's only lately I've begun to wonder," I reply. "I think I was the last five days making me feel that something vital is missing from my life. There is something set loose in Quebec. None of us know where it will lead. It is both exhilarating and frightening. As you take the territory with which life is lived in English Canada, and then double or triple it, you have Quebec."

Later that evening at Genevieve Bujold's house, listening to Giffiths, a Quebec rock group that didn't sound nearly so good the next day without the assistance of either her charm or the cumulative effects of Don Pearson, I asked her to comment on why the *Order of Canada* recently refused the Order of Canada offered by the Governor General's office.

"We didn't know what it was," she replies lightly. "How you ever heard of it? But it sounded ominous. The Order of Canada. We certainly didn't expect all the fuss that was made about it so we accepted. Let's skip that subject."

"What sense does it make to you to be a Quebecer?" I ask adding, referring to a copy of Margaret Atwood's *The Jewels in the Snow*, "It's asking that as a native English Canadian who feels deficient in the role of political victim, told of reading books and seeing films that depict us always as losers and angels?"

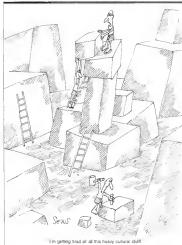
"She would that there was a 'sense,'" she replies. "I live and work here because Quebec for me, right now, is at the source of the answers. But I'm talking about how it feels. I'm not an economist, I can't tell you if it makes economic sense for Quebec to be independent. In order to be psychologically well, and in order to feel fully content, I think people need a strong political identity, a

sense of territory. I don't even think it's a question that can be debated, it's a biological imperative. Quebec would not accept so disruptive to me, shall I say, order of Canada, if the rest of Canada were equally strong and contented with its future. Kind of, though, I must beg off from the question, because I'm not the person who could do it justice."

"But one thing I disliked recently, very strongly, and I suspect it is a common on my political position, is the film *Summer*. The only person I liked was Taj Mahal, he never so fantastically. But the story was repulsive to me. 'No, no I'm not buying that,' I said to myself, but thinking, being, something and poverty being beautiful. It was too close to me that someone could make a film about the Quebecers in such the same paralyzing way."

"The known Claude for years now, and I'm enormously fond of him, but he still has more growing to do. *Kanawauaka* is a much stronger film than *Mon Oncle Antoine*. We've long wanted to make a film together, and now we're planning to make another if the financing can be arranged. It's a very good reason for us to work together, we've both had periods of uncertainty and failure in recent years. I feel very close to the character of Elizabeth, I know everything she feels, I signed it. I signed a lot of clothes, some of which are completely right. It is much more of a personal film for Claude to make than it appears to be. You have to know a lot about the lower depths of people, the dark road side of human nature, to make a film like *Kanawauaka*."

"People wait for this movie in Quebec as if it were the Messiah," says Jutra, minutes before the premiere. "I'm afraid there is a massive expectation." There has been a huge crowd lining the sides of a city block, outside the theatre for more than an hour. Radio and television crews conduct interviews in the lobby. The St. Denis is one of the largest theatres left in Canada, yet so dense would be large enough for the particular film event. It is a rare and irreplaceable ceremony for a Canadian movie to be shown with such enthusiasm. When the film is over, the audience in *Kanawauaka* remained for 15 minutes as Anne Blahut, Michel Brault, Olivier Thibault, Richard Fardes, Janet Dillabarger Genevieve Bujold and others from the cast make their appearance. Finally Claude Jutra dashes on stage, embracing and kissing each in turn, uncontestedly happy, carried along in a natural high, making his customary few remarks in public. Then he stands back and bows in the audience's presence with "bravo!" However long and continuous a career it took to be the man that stood there, it was a life wheel that moment was redesigned. ■



## Pip-pip sayonara and all that

There's an astonishing similarity between Japan and the Japanese of today and England and the English as far as the brights of their gaze 100 years ago. It's uncanny how closely the two races resemble each other, and one wonders when it will fade. I've been driven to these observations after frequent visits to Japan during the past decade or so, with which have increasingly aroused my admiration and fondness for a truly remarkable people.

Consider: Both Britain and Japan are islands, long and thin and close to other mainlands, and both have preserved over the centuries populations more ethnically homogeneous than most western nations. At the height of their power both nations have proven to be exceptional in outlook, yet resistant to rigid external categorization. Both Japanese and British have been able to live throughout the world, away from their homelands, for long periods of time in which they voluntarily and willingly involved with their adopted country, yet still remain as aware of, and of being British or Japanese with ultimate regard for King and country or Emperor and homeland. Blacks in Japan are in the jungles of Africa and the European Japanese homeland exists in Toronto as an enigma.

Both cultures love ritual and tradition. Japanese bow and smile and use precise, set words for each occasion, in the U.K. there is the hearty handshake and guffaw before important rounds of business can be discussed. The regulation business uniform is a dark grey or dark blue tail which, on weekends or at home, can be exchanged for either badly pressed and ancient tweed or a loam-fitting kimono. The Japanese, like the British, can accurately appreciate after a few words the class, background and education of someone they have just met.

In England men used to prefer their horses and dogs over their women, while in Japan same marriage are still arranged, and the women's place is definitely in the home. Japanese people like being far sale in the shops alone, counting their five or seven cups, it has been trained the women will

drink here in the kitchen while her husband and his two, four or six guests will have their tea together in the main room, away from female intrusion.

The preoccupation with sport is strong in both countries and although golf is a passion in England and Japan (perhaps because of the elaborate ritual and military discipline in an almost disease-aided somnolence in sports such as an underlying rationalism or danger *Ikku, yaku, kendo* for the Japanese and *rugby and soccer* for the English). Through the chess and olympic endeavor there is a toughness and a risk for danger.

Both Japanese and English are accustomed to doing their job in Japan a man will sometimes run away if he expects to receive a job because he knows it will force a similar obligation on him. The network of obligations in Japan runs the per capita number of lawyers down to a fraction of that in western countries and makes for a greater ease in doing business. Trust without signed contracts is the rule. In England duty has always been paramount and there, too, the legal profession functions differently from its counterpart in North America. An Englishman will call his lawyer from his accountant, not his solicitor.

There is a strong national sense of discipline and what may appear to outsiders to be repression. Self-discipline is a way of life, and prison is considered bad form. A wide gap from a Japanese can mean he hates you. Englishmen are notorious for professionally behavior combined with a well-tuned wit in the back.

Both Japan and England are prototypes for scientific existence in the world of the future, a world which will be very crowded. The elaborate attack and rules help limit the infringement by one man of another's territory.



being so much in the whole world.

every. Group action in Japan today is truly phenomenal and, even though the individuals in the group are not subjected to a greater ideal, consensus and freedom of action within the group are allowed and expected. The Japanese tendency is never to say no, thus avoiding confrontation and maintaining fluid conversation within a group.

In business there is no dupes but the game is played by the rules. And if tomorrow the rules suddenly change, then the game is changed immediately, for it is still a game. In England when one gets a deeper insight but rather sticking to the rules of the game. There are the several things which are not done, of course, because "it just wouldn't be cricket."

There seems to be a dissemination of the western self from the outward project. The coolness of the Japanese is much the same as the toughness of the Englishman.

The qualities of the English and Japanese do divide them from their having been virtually unconquered nations (England for 900 years from the time of William the Conqueror; Japan for 1,500 years until 1945), living in close proximity or vast stretches slightly restrained from large and powerful neighbors. Their racial qualities should be the underlying cause of world leadership and influence in worthy of imagination. Best go to Japan and see for yourself. But watch out for traffic. The Japanese drive on the left side of the road too.

RELIGION / DONALD STIRLING

## Converting cathedrals into cash

Look at our cities and see the huge clusters with their million-dollar properties. Look at the struggling congregations who sit on their tripod seats and ignore the worship of God with the removal of an old church.

It seems to me that the old churches are making a mistake in divorcing the main force of their ministry toward saving foundations, falling plaster and making roofs.

Across Canada, there are some isolated instances of great advantage in a privately few Christian purposes, where great things are happening, or

Donald F. Stirling is a United Church minister in Aurora, Ontario.



## Madeira, the Canaries, Lisbon and Madrid on a 17-day Maclean's Up-and-Away Holiday!

Here's a wonderful opportunity for you to pack up and get away for seven carefree days of fun in Europe's most outstanding, unspoiled resort areas—Madeira just off the coast of Portugal and Tenerife in the Canary Islands.

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- An afternoon excursion will take you through the amazing scenery of hill towns and tiny fishing villages as you head for Madeira's spectacular seaside resort.
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- And if you haven't already taken advantage of the marvelous shopping opportunities along the way, here is an ideal opportunity to buy fine quality merchandise from all over the world at very low prices.
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in some cases are about to happen.

Tula Christ Church Cathedral in Vancouver is one example of a new concept in urban ministry. During the past eight years, the cathedral has been \$200,000 in the red. The congregation would like to preserve their church, but first they want to redevelop the old cathedral, put the \$2.5-million-dollar site to better use, and build a high-rise office tower and new cathedral called "Cathedral Place" which will produce an annual revenue of \$100,000. Part of this money would go toward new ministries in worship and part toward special services for the homeless community, such as soup-kitchen concerts. But there is one catch: only half isn't all that far from the idea. Council has asked that other alternatives, such as a food drive, be explored. But the church is determined that property development would be the most feasible way of raising the large amounts of money required to maintain ministries from year to year. Council seems adamant that there be no new development in the downtown core. The members were divided on an anti-development ticket, and they seem more than willing to sacrifice Cathedral Place if it would salvage their own mythology.

McDonald United occupies a choice piece of downtown Edmonton property. The 475-family congregation hopes to have the church property developed with the church becoming a vital part of a high-rise building. Nine-hour ministries could offset the people both help and culture. It's a change from tradition, but it's what they want. George Cooper, 67, was there when the church opened in 1969, and he wants it too. St. Andrew's-Elgin United Church in Winnipeg burned down late in

1986. The congregation collected \$143,000 from the minister's company, and they are now asking additional funds from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation in order to begin building St. Andrew's Square. The multi-use structure may be making space to a legal advisory centre, a thrift shop, a credit union, a library and reading room, a cooperative liquor club, a health clinic and several social service agencies. Additional plans call for the construction of 116 units in a tower block for senior citizens, plus a day centre.

Once Toronto is not without its stream of new ministries. St. Andrew's United is losing money, so it has decided to replace its present building with a high-rise office complex. To make sure facilities remain for the congregation, space for the church would be kept. Dr. Richard L. N. Davidson, a minister of St. Andrew's, is convinced that the four-million-dollar property should be converted so it can provide funds to maintain the congregation and strengthen its community program. But perhaps the finest project is taking place in Sudbury, Ontario. On May 25, St. Andrew's Place opened. There is a 10-story senior citizens' tower containing 167 suites. At street level is a day centre for the disabled. Next door is a one-story multi-unit unit with street-level shops and offices. A lot of money will be forthcoming from the rents, and it will be used to reduce and stabilize the spiritual needs of the senior citizens. At the rear of the property unit is the St. Andrew's Church sanctuary, which will cost 450. It is a multi-use complex since the YWCA has rented two floors as well. It came about because the church thought its downtown building and property could serve Sudbury more effectively.

Alison Wright, of the United Church's Division of Mission in Canada, refers to the Sudbury project as "the jewel in the United Church's crown." Charles M. Forsyth, minister of St. Andrew's, is proud of his church, but doesn't hold out much hope for a similar development taking root in a larger urban centre. "Big-city people are too shy," he says.

Mrs. Queen of the World, the Catholic cathedral in Montreal. It has decided to lease the southernmost corner of its property, on Lakeshore Street, to Concordia Estates Limited for 99 years. When the rent comes in, it will be used for traditional ministries through the church's general fund.

On Montreal's St. Catherine Street, street-front property belonging to St. Joseph United was leased in 1928 to a

developer for 30 years. The property has now reverted to the church and the Finance and Economic Board of Montreal Presbytery and the modern "Hotel" are currently standing adjacent avenues for development.

A few examples from the thousands of churches located in Canada. Not all the examples have been listed, but enough of the total are noted to see that many more are needed. It's hard to say what it will take to put these other churches moving. Perhaps full taxation of church property? Legislation that would void for such a move might force churches into making more effective and relevant use of church property. By taxing defunct churches into dynamic ministries, such legislation might conceivably become. Ample of the Almighty.

#### HOW YOU SEE IT . . .

In politics the Union of activity can sometimes become a slight-of-mouth. When the Trudeau government's enthusiasm for Bill C-58, the Foreign Investment Review Act, last anyone thinks it might actually change anything, a top government adviser — Robert D. Gaudet, who is reportedly the author of the bill — has been making speeches to the Toronto business and law communities reminding them that control of foreign business is the last thing that Ottawa wants. It's business as usual, and morally a slap in the taxpayers' faces. And that, of course, is what the nationalists have been saying all along.

#### RADIO / DEATHIER ROBERTSON

## Canada: alive and well on the wireless

I had an argument a while ago over whether there is a Canadian language, an accent and set of expressions which are so recognizably Canadian as to be a Canadian language. I started listening to so I could find it and I did, not on TV, where everybody speaks a stilted dictionary language, but on radio on CBC's *Two Country*. As *The Morning* (9-15 a.m. to noon) where the dialogue between Bill Peter Gosselin and star Danny Fickelman (the show's other host is Helen Hutchinson, and throughout the summer there will be guest hosts) goes

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE CHURCH OF CANADA



Mrs. Lavigne, her daughters and their husbands (left to right) and her sons, and her 11 grandchildren.

## Her daughters and daughters-in-law learned about Maytags from Mrs. Lavigne.

*She gave them good advice. They have 22 Maytags among them, many 5 years old, and they're all working dependably.*

It all began in 1960 when she got her own Maytag Washer and Dryer, says Mrs. Philippe Lavigne, Montreal, Quebec. With 14 in the family, these are chosen rarely got a day off. Yet they have only needed a few repairs.

Well, her experience really started something. As 7 of her daughters married, they got Maytags. So did her 2

daughters-in-law. Today, counting the 3 Mrs. Lavigne has, there are 25 Maytags in the family — 10 washers, 6 dryers, 5 dishwashers, 4 food waste disposers.

Mrs. Lavigne still has three married daughters at home, and she's confident they'll also be "Maytag wives" someday.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Lavigne and her family have enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



London Investment Bank (left) and St. Andrew's United Church (right).

something like this:

Gowik: "Okay, Danny, watch your do today!"

Ficklin: "I know, Peter. Good night!"

Gowik: "Why don't you sing us a little song?"

Ficklin: "Are you kidding?"

Gowik: "Nope."

Ficklin: "Alright, here's another for ya." Sings.

Gowik: "Jeez, that was a great song!"

Ficklin: "Yeeeah, Dyanette!"

That's not all; that's the Canadian English in the way you and I talk when we're not being polite and in my special ad radio is common. Canadian English sounds pleasant because it's familiar, it makes us feel comfortable, relaxed, assured and it points

Gowik to establish a relationship with both his audience and points that it is intimate, so it's more personal. It's almost emotional seduction. The Country In The Morning is hypnotic. I can't turn it off.

Because most of the listeners are women, The Country In The Morning does stories about school, kids' behavior, parties, vacations and food.

Somehow, sometimes you find that the stories are usually informative, funny and beloved with plenty of celebrities, political issues, musings, jokes and, as Ficklin says, lots of music, often played while hosts from the Fifth Dimension. The style of the show is art, because, a mix of anything. It's free, and it sounds to anyone. It's only sounds because Gowik is smart. He's in control. He can talk to anybody without worrying about making a blunder or showing his ignorance. You can hear his relaxed, easy and it's spread with the pace of the show. You know where Gowik stands and he shows a personality with his personality, a sense of humour.



Danny Ficklin: funny, convincing, hilarious

and emotional connection to people and ideas.

Danny Ficklin, who appears several times a week to do a short sketch and hosts the Saturday version of The Country In The Morning, is one of the most influential and original personalities ever to emerge on the CBC. His little quirks are always bizarre, comical and hilarious. His wit isn't accepted just by offensively clever fans who come from a shop and a time when he was a good

poet, an emcee at Gowik and shares the same irrepressible, joyful, limitless self-confidence and complete lack of pretentiousness. Ficklin's position for popular culture has helped free The Country In The Morning from that Victorian seriousness which makes CBC talk shows so painful.

It is the quality of innocent confidence, a genuine curiosity, that makes As It Happens with Barbara Frum and Henry Bressan (CBC radio, 6:30 to 7 p.m.) the best late show on either radio or TV. It's a more serious program than The Country, essentially a political program with a high, marketing

musical and a nice feeling for scandal. If you want to know what's going on, As It Happens is the place to go.

As it happens, the top political analysts As It Happens are giving us

information about news and

Wattage long before it hit the headlines, and its reporting is often

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own thoughts and emotions, to put the lyrics off their guests and to turn an interview not only into a conversation but a conversation and a conversation of wit. It's happy if The Country and As It Happens were expanded to fill up every hour on the CBC.

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Woods Golf (PGA Aug. 11 and 12, CBC, 5 p.m.)

Which has Canada Summer Games (CBC, Aug. 3 to 18, Canadian Open (CBC, Aug. 25, 2 p.m.)

Between the Joke and the Heart (CBC, Sunday, 8 p.m.)

FILMS / JOHN HOFFMAN

The greening of the Western

Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid. Some-

thing should have said director Sam

Peckinpah (The Wild Bunch, Straw

Dogs, The Outlaw) that when a

well-known folk singer, Krys Kivell-

ance, cast in the role of Billy the

Kid, says to another character with

the Mexican name of Alvin, portrayed

by Bob Dylan, "What's your name?"

"What's your name?" "What's your name?"

"What's your name?" "What's your name?"

"What's your name?" "What's your name?"

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by Elaine Collett



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scriptplay by Randolph Warkner was originally developed for another director (*Monty Python's Two-Love Mockery*) and underwent considerable change in becoming a vehicle for Peckinpah. As played here it seems confused. The author's grand look (from 1981, New Mexico) is to no avail — Dylan and Kristoferson haven't the acting ability to make one suspend disbelief. It can be enjoyed, in a slack frame of mind. Which is how it was made apparently.

**Kid Blue.** The movie is called *James*, somewhere in the American Midwest at the turn of the century. Aids of the town's economy is *The Great American Circus Company*, an assembly-line yardstick that produces ghastly comedy acts. Into this engraving dyer patch of opportunity rides *Kid Blue* (Dustin Diamond), a teen robber who has vowed to reform. Out robbing and try the "bank robber" too. This is a semi-epic of the local badman, this clown-killing, and when all the Jack takes a mind-cooking job at the pottery factory. This story is basically a heavy-handed, academic comedy, with no sense of values, and no insight into the town's sheriff (Ben Johnson) is a sadistic bully, in proctor Oiler. He's, shamelessly overacting is a self-pitying little freak. The film's main impact comes from *Kid Blue* is a high-class prostitute. *Kid Blue* is the kind of film you've seen even if you haven't seen it. It's not even a particularly strong link of family movie.

**Day Of The Jackal.** At the age of 35, Frederick Forsyth wrote his first novel, a computer thriller that became an international best seller, the story concerning a cool, handsome, professional killer hired to assassinate Charles de Gaulle. And now Fred Zinnemann, at the age of 66, has turned his considerable talents (*With Honor*, *From New York to New York*, *The New York, A Man For All Seasons*) to upgrading the material. *Day Of*

*The Jackal* is not a great film, but it's a damn good one, one of the very few films released this year that is worth all the trouble and expense of going out to the movies. Zinnemann has a self-assured directorial style, gives his a good yarn and he tells it without any personal intrusion and attention-grabbing bits. *Jackal* is an authentically detailed suspense story with original events. Such is the nature of its internal charms that one ends in quiet ruminations for the killer, portrayed by Edward Fox (James Fox's look-alike older brother) with elegant aplomb. Delphine Seyrig on hand to remind us that actual grace is in an era constructed with hard-core heroines, while Michel Lonsdale as the police commissioner assigned to tracking down the Jackal is superb as a man who divides his life between being a hapless bad-brother and a brilliant detective. *Day Of The Jackal* is an immensely satisfying piece of entertainment, a breezy mid-summer movie with no pretensions and plenty of professionalism.

**Death Of A Clown.** For months, so Montreal, Gilles Carle's latest film has been one of the biggest Canadian hits at the box office, easily up to Kamekari. In May it was chosen as Canada's official entry at the Cannes Film Festival. It's first showing in English will occur in Vancouver and Victoria late in July, with other provinces getting the film later in the summer. While no one would claim that reference was Carle's strongest writing, *Death Of A Clown* seems to dolefully weight rather than writer's fun in moments it also has its hours. Anyone who calls their leading female character Mrs. Chénier (later the famous 1911 novel of the same name, written by Louis Hémon, which for decades defined the Québec life experience in Québec) is obviously missing an important situation, but whatever good may have been a Canadian film, but here. *Death Of A Clown* and *La Princesse de Clèves*, simple charm and sophistication impossible (it's enough to sustain this story about a young girl searching for her father (who came out to have been killed by his English lover) and who along the way becomes a topless dancer and a model. There are references to the War Memorial Act and working out one's own destiny, each of it pointed, each of it pertinent. All the way through *La Princesse de Clèves* I kept wondering why that moody, subliminal couple didn't get up all the floor and do something. In *Death Of A Clown* the characters strike me as being equally arbitrary and naive.

less. Any film by Gilles Carle is worth seeing, even one that is off the gold standard, but with *Death Of A Clown* it becomes clear that the present career of Carle's bright promise in his tendency to be unclear. He is too fast and frequent a film maker, and he is becoming increasingly facile and glib.

#### RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

**A Touch Of Class.** Glenn Jackson, George Segal is one of the best films this year.

**Kamekari.** Claude Jutra's new film will show the image Canadian face of himself. Genevieve Bujaldin gives her best performance to date. **Cris And Whopper.** Eugene Borgmann's latest is proving to be his most popular film in years. Hilariously beautiful, with every shot composed in shades of red and white, without asking especially by Harriet Anderson and Liv Ullmann.

**A Doll's House.** Ingeborg's historical drama with Claire Bloom is new.

#### LOOPIHOLES / JAMES CLARE

## Is Ottawa running a pyramid club?

"Dear, would you give me \$100?"  
"What for? What for you spending my money on one?"  
"Come down like a little one and I'll tell you how that \$100 will make us a \$2,000 profit."  
"Okay, okay, okay. I'm out. New tell me."  
"Well, I'll be in and retired next year if I was anything but a housekeeper, right?"  
"So!"  
"Well, the Royal Commission on the Status of Women says housekeepers should be allowed to join the Canada Pension Plan..."

"Royal commissions never rock up."  
"This one does. Did you read *Lionel's Working Paper on Income Security*, the so-called 'Orange Book'?"  
"No. Somehow it must have slipped by."

"Well, it and Ottawa are prepared to let me join. And then Ontario will all spread, providing the *Newsweek* pays off CPP premiums, both employee and employer."

James L. Clare is an attorney and pension tax consultant.



around the clock... across the nation... around the world

CBC Radio News is more than just the headlines.

It's news in depth.

Reporters in every corner of Canada. CBC correspondents around the globe — broadcast news with a Canadian point of view.

Major morning newscasts on The World at 8 and 9, evening on The World at 6, broadcast by reports on the hour, seven days a week.

CBC Radio News is four days a week on the radio, five days a week on the radio, five days a week on the radio, five days a week on the radio.

## CBC RADIO NEWS

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Apert from Radio News, Kid Blue has nothing.

"But if you have to pay for it, where's the \$3,330 going to come from?"

"Simple, stupid. I'll only have to pay for one year, \$180 total. Then I'll be 65 and the CPP guarantees me 2% of current maximum earnings, \$5,600. I'd get \$140 per year. And since I can expect to live roughly 17 years, I'd collect \$2,380. And if I live longer . . ."

"Good Lord! Is my giving Harry a call so he can get Bobel joned up . . ."

"I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"If everyone did what I plan, then by 1985 the CPP would have an annual deficit of two billion dollars. And that's over and above when CPP taxes could possibly collect."

"Jack! Here's a cheque if I catch you talking about this to Isabel . . ."

#### BOOKS / ELI MANDEL

## The lynch mob vs. the literary jury

After some 30 attempts to work out a clear-winning introduction to these extraordinary revelations about his uncle a Governor General's Literary Awards Jury, I am driven to the unambiguously conclusion that the only truly exciting quality of the awards is their complete lack of drama. It is true they have provoked some of our most astute writers to unusual public demonstrations, some of speech, some of eloquence. In recent years even the award winners have passed the prize money, Leonard Cohen's engaged quarrel with himself about whether or not to accept the award providing only the most unusual performance.

Despite those who begin indifference, every writer in Canada looks after the award. But who else really cares? Who really pays attention to these award and expected prizes of dissent? Who now remembers John Steffes's deadly attack on Robert Frost's award-winning poem, or who could now recall the writers who, in protest against Steffes's award's condescension, resigned from the editorial board of his magazine? Can anyone now name those critics condemned by

Eli Mandel is a past winner of the Governor General's Award for poetry.

youngest writers in the WASP establishment? Surely I have come to respect Layton's bright angry voice ringing out in my shoes as poetical aid to action. "They've done it again, eh?" Every February or March when the thought occurs to me that once more I am going to be asked to take a moral stand, raise up my faculties, join the usual or the new consensus of the Canada Council, its art officers, the literary establishment, affix its general literary taste in Canada, American infiltration of the arts, universities and several of my best friends (if I don't Layton, it's Dennis Lee, narrative as his language but ethically unbinding, reading that reader not only he does but he seems to be doing, especially for this poetry-stricken poet or that moral philosopher whose new books have once again been overlooked by juries of deities and literary authority. Dave Godfrey personally deserves to get another volume of Canadian literary sensibility. Talmudic by Prolet letters variably compose themselves.

Any time you are looking for a long afternoon's entertainment, you can always check out some extraordinary personalities in the lists of winners and losers. A handy guide, at least till 1986, is *The Guided Tour* by North Star. You can discover, for example, that Irving Layton, despite his enormous and impressive productivity, has managed to collect only one award. Compare that with Louis Riel's five, Piers Polanyi's three, Earle Birney's two, Robert Finch's two, Arthur Heenot, Anne Milne and Charles Brune have won as poets, but Frank Scovel has not, nor have Miriam Waddington, Sylvia Webb, George Johnston, Douglas Jones, or Ralph Gustafson. In the category of nonfiction, award winners include such distinguished luminaries as W. J. Murray, Donald Gwynne, Arthur Lower, J. M. S. Careless, but not Carl Hays, Ramsey Cook, or Wilfrid Kees. Kálmán Dobos is there but not Northrup Frye. Igor Gouzenko but not Boris Watson. And Parley Mears only once, way back in 1916 — and far something in the category of *Novels*, at all.

The real politics of awards occurs the very categories imposed on the judges to begin with, the need to work within a structure that no longer responds to, or only does so in spoils to, reality. To choose a poetries example the choice of W. J. Murray as a poet award the list of ultra-nationalist, his taste is

poetry obviously reflecting so-called North American instead of pure Canadian standards, as witnessed by his supposed influence on the choice that year of George Bowering's *Poems* (Moose Jaw and Gangs Of Keweenaw) for an award. But, ironically, Talmud was not chosen as part of an anti-nationalist plot in the higher echelons of the Canada Council jury but rather for precisely the opposite reason, to provide a faint representation of the west coast, thus might inferior have prevailed.

Today "poetry" is no longer in itself a satisfactory category. How does one distinguish between an exceptionally fine and striking new book by a young writer and a mature collection of 33 or 34 years of work by a minor poet? How compare a single superb collection like John Newlove's *Less*, which I supported for an award this year, and countless representing years of dedication and commitment and achievement by Dorothy Livesey, Beauty, Waddington, Gottfried? These are real questions. They cannot be answered by changing committees with prejudice, stupidity, malice, vanity, conspiracy, or what have you. They can be met, to some degree at least, by outbidding the terms of the awards. Courtesy.

Literary judgment being what it is, I am prepared to accept whatever Committee bring what they are. I fully expect negative that next spring, no longer a judicial man, I shall rule once again against all these wrong-headed men who will have created my own two books of poetry in favor of lesser mature works. And the public? One day, surely, a fascinated vast audience will watch as, robed once more in his white hoodie gown, a puffed-up, arrogant, fat, frothy Berkeley sleep to accept for the third year in a row a \$30,000 prize for the best book of alien verse.



A long list of extraordinary Canadians.

## Could this be the start of another revolution?

The Russian cruet Aurora in the background signaled the start of one revolution. Maybe the Alberta Vodka we took to Lunenburg could be the start of a revolution in drinking habits for some Russians. Because here, where they're famous for their vodka — and drinking it straight — we mixed up a vodka and tonic. Our Russian boys were astounded. This was a *nyet nyet*. Until they took a sip. And another — and suddenly the vodka broke out. Dabre! Those Alberta Vodka makers weren't so crazy after all. And here in Lunenburg this City of Champions was the only place to get it.

Canadians approve of Alberta Vodka's quality, too. That's why it's now Canada's best-seller at the popular price.

## Alberta Pure Vodka

It takes more than a Russian second name to make a great Vodka.

The cruet Aurora signaled the start of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. In 1970 it took root at the City of Champions.

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the tall 'n frosty one

